WARLOCK

screenplay by D. T. Twohy

FOURTH DRAFT
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. GALLOWS (1691) - DAY 1

CLOSE on a basket. Hands are trying to lash it closed, but the cats inside jump and hiss and spit, making the task difficult.

WIDER as the CAT-TENDER continues his struggle. Nearby, a pyre of wood waits to be lit.

WIDER still, we see the gallows over the pyre.

2 EXT. MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY (1691) - DAY 2

Beneath a cloudless sky, MAGISTRATES stride purposefully across town. The men are Puritans -- pious, grim-faced, dressed wholly in black. Townspeople scatter before them.

3 EXT. STONE TOWER (1691) - DAY 3

The magistrates approach a circular tower that stands at the edge of town.

At the base of the tower, a JAILOR waits, expecting them. As the magistrates enter, we notice on the door a hex-mark, a symbol meant to ward off evil.

4 INT. STONE TOWER (1691) - DAY 4

The jailor ushers the magistrates up a circling staircase...

...through a locking grate...

...and up more steps. Finally they arrive at a door of solid iron, this the most imposing of the gauntlet. As the jailor fumbles for the right key, some of the magistrates raise hands to shield their eyes: It's as if Medusa herself lay inside.

5 INT. WARLOCK'S CELL (1691) - DAY 5

The iron door groans open. The assemblage enters, spreads out around the circular, sun-drenched cell. A SCRIBE erects a writing board, inks his quill. The Puritan PROCTOR clears his throat.

PROCTOR
Convened, Lord's year of sixteen hundred ninety-and-one, Colony of Massachusetts...

CLOSE as someone's mud-caked boots slip into the cell, joining the proceedings.

PROCTOR (CONT'D)
...township of Boston...
(shortening formalities)
...and suchlike and suchlike.

Now, finally, the proctor chances a look toward the center of the cell. There, a long staff parallels the floor. Doubled over the staff, his thumbs locked to his big toes, is the WARLOCK.

PROCTOR
There is a minister -- one -- who would come.

The Warlock hangs motionless, face obscured by a tangle of hair.

PROCTOR
Confession may better your chances in the Hereafter. 'Tis doubtful. Yet it may, by some twist of fate.

Still nothing. Another magistrate edges forward.

MAGISTRATE #1
A wealth of evidence has convicted you of trafficking with the Devil. You are to be hanged and then burnt atop a basket of living cats. This much is evident. What is not is whether you care to confess your crimes before man and God.

Finally the Warlock stirs. The magistrates step back. Raising his head, the Warlock fixes the men with the most piercing, contemptuous eyes we've even seen. He thinks about retorting but doesn't. The head lowers.

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5 (CONTINUED) 5

MAGISTRATE #2
(to proctor)
'Tis as I said. We'll get nothing from him.

The proctor polls the others with his eyes: They concur.

PROCTOR
Then that's the whole of it.
(eager to leave, babbling quickly)
Let the record show that this obscene wretch, though afforded opportunity, failed to confess his crimes. Sentence shall be carried out in timely fashion. We stand adjourned.

The magistrates clog the door. When they're out safely, the jailor, wanting to lock up, looks to the one man still inside.

It's the late-comer. He wears a patched wolfskin coat, a whip coiled to his hip, years of hardship on his face. The man is a witch hunter. The man is Giles REDFERNE.

Wanting a private word with the prisoner, Redferne raises a hand. The jailor pitches him the keys, leaves.

WARLOCK (O.S.)
Terrified, were they not?

Redferne turns. The Warlock's head is up. Redferne meets the eyes unflinchingly.

REDFERNE
Bold words for a man but hours from death.

WARLOCK
Much can happen in a day.

REDFERNE
Yet here you've hung for three. Would not Satan have saved you if he were thus inclined?

WARLOCK
Perhaps he'll save us both, Redferne.

(CONTINUED)

5 (CONTINUED) (2) 5

Redferne strikes him so hard, so hatefully, that the Warlock circles back over the pole. He hangs upside-down now, swaying.

REDFERNE
I've tracked you my last. Tomorrow you shall die. And never was there a brute more deserving.

WARLOCK
Believe it upon seeing it.

REDFERNE
Tomorrow.

WARLOCK
Tomorrow.

6 INT. BASE OF STONE TOWER (1691) - DAY 6

Redferne drops the keys on a wall-hook.

REDFERNE
(to jailor)
The thumblocks. They shall be kept in place even after he is hanged, even while he burns. Only when there is nothing but ash, only then can they be....

His voice trails off: The door to the outside is trembling, a WIND WHISPERING at the cracks. Soon it subsides.

REDFERNE (CONT'D)
(trying again)
Only then should can they be dug free and returned to...to me....

The door shudders, CLATTERING on its hinges. Redferne crosses, eases the door open.

7 WHAT HE SEES: 7

Winds rake the village. The sky now swells with thunderheads. Boards are ripping free from the gallows. Cats arrow right and left.

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(CONTINUED)

8 BACK TO REDFERNE 8

Noticing the door.

The hex-mark is fading before his eyes.

Redferne leaps for the keys. The wall-hook tears free with them.

9 INT. STONE TOWER (1691) - DAY 9

Racing the approaching storm, Redferne circles up the stairs, slowed frustratingly by the secured doors.

10 INT. WARLOCK'S CELL (1691) - DAY 10

Redferne throws open the iron door.

REDFERNE
Nay, nay, nay....

The wind has entered the cell, whipping around with a cyclonic frenzy. At the eye of the wind, already free from one of the thumblocks, leers the Warlock. He is vanishing, shimmering into nothingness.

Desperate to recapture the Warlock, Redferne leaps into the wind.

11 INT. STONE TOWER (1691) - DAY 11

Minutes later. The jailor leads a small contingent of magistrates up the stairs. Seeing the cell door open, the men raise their walking sticks and approach warily.

WHAT THEY SEE:

Only the staff.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

12 EXT. LOS ANGELES BASIN - NIGHT 12

A harvest moon, impossibly large, hangs low on the horizon. Winds from the east scour everything in their path, pushing clouds out over the ocean. This is an unexpected night, an out-of-kilter evening in which anything can happen. This is a night you stay inside.

13 EXT. WEIRD-STUFF MONTAGE - NIGHT 13

With WIND over all:

A) Freeway. Tumbleweeds sweep over guard-rails. For miles ahead, we see the streaking lights of emergency vehicles. Accidents. Lots of them.

B) Residential street. A propped-up bike is blown clear of a fence. With invisible feet working the pedals, the bike rolls several yards before falling.

C) The beach. Backwashing waves collide with incoming waves, each of equal size. White froth shimmers with bioluminescence.

D) Downtown section. A lost dog drags its leash.

E) Intersection. A traffic light changes from green to red, skipping yellow. A car screeches to a stop.

F) Phone booth. The phone rings, even though the receiver sways at the end of its wire.

G) Melrose. A neon sign, swinging in the wind, falls and implodes on impact. The VIEW FOLLOWS as sparkling neon gas blows over the sidewalk like electric confetti, leading us to...

14 EXT. HIP LITTLE CAFE - NIGHT 14

The cafe is open. There are no customers.

15 INT. HIP LITTLE CAFE - NIGHT 15

WIND WHISTLES around the door.

(CONTINUED)

15 (CONTINUED) 15

KASSANDRA sits at a table with another WAITRESS. The waitress folds napkins while Kassandra rubs lotion into her itchy arms.

KASSANDRA
Fuckin' Santa Anas.

WAITRESS
(correcting her)
Fuckin' "Santanas." Everyone makes that mistake. Means "Devil Wind."

KASSANDRA
You've been tryin' out for too many gameshows.
(calling to back office)
Hey, Rick. Why don't we just close early and shake this place? Nobody's out tonight.

No response from the unseen Rick. Kassandra caps her lotion.

KASSANDRA
Tell him I quit. He'll rehire me tomorrow.
(grabbing jacket)
Later days.

16 EXT. HIP LITTLE CAFE - NIGHT 16

Carrying a to-go container, Kassandra exits the cafe. We get a better look at her now: She's typically twenty, overly fond of makeup and bangles, dresses trashy-chic in leggings and bomber jacket. Her hair, spotted like a leopard's, dances in the wind.

She unlocks a third-hand Corvair. A parking ticket flaps under the one wiper blade. Kassandra feeds the ticket to the wind.

17 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT 17

The house is secluded, an odd-angled one-of-a-kinder. A dead branch falls on the hood of the parked Corvair.

18 INT. KITCHEN - CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 18

Kassandra takes down a note from the refrigerator.

KASSANDRA
"Kassandra. Sorry about the stray. He just showed up on the porch, and it was so windy out. Chas."

Kassandra eyes the scruffy cat on the floor. We get the feeling she was never in the 4-H club.

The microwave dings. Kassandra takes out the to-go container, starts in on her dinner. The cat watches intently.

KASSANDRA
Chas is the soft touch. Not me.

She turns, flips through a fashion magazine. The cat reappears in front of her.

KASSANDRA
Hey, don't yank me. He fed you.

The cat's eyes stay on her. Guilt setting in, Kassandra abandons her dinner to the floor.

19 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 19

Kassandra washes her face. Toweling off, she checks her skin for blemishes. There are none. She backs up, eyes herself in the mirror, strikes a few playful poses. Liking how she looks in a teddy, Kassandra does a vain little pirouette on her way to the door.

20 EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 20

A small whirlwind appears. It veers to the gutter, sucks up debris, takes on a more distinct shape.

21 INT. KASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 21

Kassandra sleeps.

CLOSE on a clock-radio shaped like a '59 Cadillac. The second-hand sticks as it passes the minute-hand, freezing time.

22 EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 22

A discarded cigarette lies in the gutter, seemingly dead. The whirlwind appears, fans the cigarette back to life, then sucks up the embers. Kindled flames appear in the man-sized whirlwind.

23 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT 23

We see the house. Presently the whirlwind veers into the foreground VIEW, holds. Now we see the house through its glowing belts.

24 INT. KASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 24

An EXPLOSION OF GLASS brings Kassandra upright.

25 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 25

She bursts into the hall and collides with CHAS, her gay housemate. They're both scared crapless.

CHAS
Was that you?

Her face tells him it wasn't.

26 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 26

Kassandra gropes for the light-switch, hits it. Sprawled on a bed of glass is the Warlock.

KASSANDRA
(finding her voice)
Friend of yours?

CHAS
Mine use the door.

They edge closer. He's lean but muscular, like cord wrapped on bone. Shoulder-length hair, coarse and black. Harsh features, now petrified in a semi-conscious grimace. Minor cuts to his face, limbs. Of the Warlock's age it's hard to say -- we could guess at thirty-five and be wrong by a decade.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED) 26

CHAS
Breathing. It's a wonder he didn't cut himself worse.

Kassandra moves to the window frame, checks outside. No cars, no people. She shakes her head.

KASSANDRA
Canyon country. You get 'em all.

CHAS
Think he's just drunk?

KASSANDRA
Hate to think he does this kinda thing full time.

Now Chas notices one of the thumblocks still attached to the Warlock's hands.

CHAS
So what the heck are these?

KASSANDRA
Don't touch him. The cops'll do all that.

CHAS
Should we call 'em?

KASSANDRA
Maybe the Humane Society.

Chas tries the phone. It's dead.

CHAS
Winds.

Impasse. They stare longer at the Warlock. Finally Chas grabs one of the hands.

CHAS
Well, come on. Let's get him up.

KASSANDRA
Not a chance.

CHAS
Little compassion wouldn't hurt, Kassandra.

(CONTINUED)

26 (CONTINUED) (2) 26

KASSANDRA
Or some smarts, Chas. Can't take in every stray you meet.

CHAS
Took you in, didn't I?

KASSANDRA
(a beat)
That's the one thing you could've said to get me to touch him.

One on each end, they lift the Warlock. Some blood dribbles out, painting the glass shards beneath him. Kassandra angles for the sofa.

CHAS
No, no, not the davenport. It's a hundred years old.

She rolls her eyes, aims for another antique -- an altar table.

CHAS
Huh-uh, not there.

KASSANDRA
How old's it?

CHAS
Real old. Your room.

KASSANDRA
Mine?

CHAS
Everything's plastic.

As they cart him out, the Warlock's dangling hand brushes against the altar table. The VIEW HOLDS on the table.

DISSOLVE TO:

27 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - MORNING 27

Outside, a street-sweeper cleans up after last night's windstorm. Inside, through the window frame, Chas can be seen vacuuming.

28 INT. KASSANDRA'S ROOM - MORNING 28

Getting ready for work, Kassandra piddles at her bureau. The thumblocks are here. She nudges them aside, then looks distastefully toward her occupied bed.

The Warlock lies motionless.

Kassandra grabs a small zip-up kit...

29 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING 29

...and carries it into the bathroom. She takes out a bottle of clear liquid, rolls it between her palms. After cotton-swabbing a spot of thigh, Kassandra draws some insulin into a syringe and injects herself. It's all done routinely: The kit is zipped up in a matter of seconds.

30 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 30

Exiting the bathroom, Kassandra grabs a stack of bedding Chas has folded up neatly for her. She hauls the bedding to a closet and jams it in any way it'll fit.

But in mid-movement Kassandra stops, her subconscious nagging her. She turns to the bedroom she just passed.

WHAT SHE SEES:

Her empty bed.

31 INT. KASSANDRA'S ROOM - MORNING 31

CLOSE on the Warlock's hand inspecting personal items on the bureau. Of most interest to the hand is a disk of pliable material, roughly the size and shape of a clam shell.

KASSANDRA (O.S.)
Hey, hey, hey....

WIDER as Kassandra enters.

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
No bouncing on the trampoline, huh?

She takes away the diaphragm.

(CONTINUED)

31 (CONTINUED) 31

KASSANDRA
Miraculous recovery you made. But let me make a suggestion. Lose the booze, huh? Now what's your name?

Fascinated by her spotted hair, the Warlock tries to touch it. She pushes his hand away.

KASSANDRA
Hey, brainwave, talkin' to you. Phones're working. Got someone you can call?

Now the Warlock spots the most curious thing yet: It's an "L.A. Weekly" -- with the numerals "1988."

WARLOCK
Could this, somehow, be the year?

KASSANDRA
(calling out)
Hey, Chas, he talks English -- English-English.
(to Warlock)
So is the big thing in England to, like, get blotto-faced then fling yourself though plate glass?

Awed by the discovery, the Warlock flips through the newspaper, verifying the date with every page.

WARLOCK
Three centuries....

KASSANDRA
Oh, ba-rother.

She pushes him to the bed, picks up his feet, stretches him out.

KASSANDRA
Just lie here. Let the Big Grey Delco recharge.

She grabs a silver charm bracelet off the bureau...

32 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 32

...and straps it on as she enters. By daylight, we see that the house is furnished largely with Early American antiques.

KASSANDRA
He's brain-dead.

Chas shuts off the vacuum cleaner.

CHAS
He's up?

KASSANDRA
And down again. I'm pullin' a lunch at the cafe. Think maybe he'll be gone by the time I get back?

CHAS
I'll drop him off at that mission on Sixth Street. Right on my way to work.

KASSANDRA
Chas, you take good hint.
(breezing out)
Later days.

33 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 33

The car's interior is trashed -- cracked dash, SCRATCHY RADIO, t-shirt seat covers. Kassandra touches up her face while driving. Suddenly she brakes.

34 EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY 34

The Corvair skews to a stop in front of an ELDERLY WOMAN. Arthritically slow, the woman pulls a grocery cart across the street.

35 INT. CORVAIR - DAY 35

KASSANDRA
C'mon, Muriel, lets get steamin'.

The woman inches along. Kassandra tries to HONK, but her horn doesn't work. She drums her fingers until...

36 EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY 36

...an opening appears. Spewing smoke, the Corvair blasts around the woman, barely clearing the cart.

37 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 37

KASSANDRA
(shaking head)
Don't ever let me get old....

38 INT. KITCHEN - CHAS'S HOUSE - DAY 38

CLOSE on butter hitting a warm omelette pan.

Chas is at the stove, whistling as he fixes breakfast. Copper pots dangle at eye-level. Abruptly the whistling stops: A reflection in the shiniest pot shows someone behind Chas. He spins to face the Warlock.

CHAS
Jeez. Scared me.

Recovering from the jolt, Chas chops some onions and mushrooms.

CHAS
I'm heading out in about twenty minutes. Give you a lift downtown, if you want.

No answer. The Warlock is staring at Chas's hand.

CHAS
What're you looking at? My ring?

It's an amber-stone pinky ring. Trapped in the amber is a small scorpion.

CHAS
I'm a Scorpio. Well, I was. Don't believe in astrology anymore.

WARLOCK
No?

CHAS
I don't think anyone does. It's just so Sixties. You hungry? Got extras here.

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED) 38

The Warlock continues to eye his ring.

CHAS
Look, I'd let you try it on, but I broke my little finger, and now it's pretty much stuck.

Chas gives his eggs a quick whisk, then grabs a carton of salt.

CHAS
Now did I hear Kassandra say something about England? I was over there in '86. Did this package-thing with some friends that included England, Wales, Scotland --

With a chef's knife, the Warlock chops off Chas's small finger. It happened so fast, so casually, that Chas can't believe his eyes.

The salt carton drops to the counter, spills.

Chas looks from the tiny stub on his hand...

...to the finger that rolls across the floor.

CHAS
(moaning it)
Oh, sweet Jesus....

Calmly, the Warlock retrieves the finger and backs off the ring, wringing out blood.

Chas stumbles for the door.

The Warlock passes a hand through the air...

...and the door slams in Chas's face.

The Warlock tries on the scorpion ring. He adjusts the copper pot to view himself, admiring the new bauble.

Chas SHRIEKS FOR HELP.

Growing annoyed by the disturbance, the Warlock steps to Chas, turns him around. Chas screams louder. The Warlock brings their faces together, killing the scream with a kiss. Chas struggles, but the kiss goes on and

(CONTINUED)

38 (CONTINUED) (2) 38

on, the Warlock forcing open Chas's mouth. There's one last whimper from Chas before, mercifully, he blacks out.

The Warlock drops him. After a moment, he spits a tongue into the omelette pan. It sizzles.

39 INT. HIP LITTLE CAFE - DAY 39

Through the window, Kassandra spots a police car drawing to the curb. Two uniformed COPS get out, enter the cafe. Neither looks like regular clientele.

40 INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - PARKER CENTER - DAY 40

DETECTIVE
Private clubs? Baths?

KASSANDRA
Huh-uh.

DETECTIVE
Public parks?

The DETECTIVE is seated. Kassandra slouches at the one window of this crackerbox office, dried rivers of mascara on her cheeks.

DETECTIVE
Look, he didn't dick little boys through bathroom walls, 'kay?

DETECTIVE
You said your roommate was gay.

KASSANDRA
Not queer. Big difference.

DETECTIVE
Can you give me the names of his lovers?

KASSANDRA
It ain't gonna help. Chas didn't even know this guy. It wasn't a gay thing. Has nothing to do with it, all right?

The detective shuffles papers.

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40 (CONTINUED) 40

DETECTIVE
Coroner's notes.
(highlighting)
"...tongue severed from mouth in such a manner as to suggest it was bitten out...bite-marks on the back of the neck...evidence of massive anal penetration, resulting in multiple and severe lacerations of the rectal cavity...."

He lets it sink in. Kassandra looks away, not knowing what to think anymore.

KASSANDRA
Can I go back? Just to grab my stuff?

DETECTIVE
We'd like to find this guy before he makes an omelette out of someone else's tongue.
(trying again)
Lovers?

KASSANDRA
Look, it's 1988. He didn't have a bunch.

DETECTIVE
Makes it that much easier. First names if that's all you have. We'll start with the most recent and work back.

41 INT. "THE MAGICK MERCHANT" SHOP - DAY 41

The MAGICIAN -- a smug, comfortably overweight man with manicured nails -- rearranges a window display, switching trick handcuffs for Chinese locking rings. Presently he feels someone watching him.

42 EXT. "THE MAGICK MERCHANT" SHOP - DAY 42

CLOSE on Chas's boots. TILT UP to reveal the Warlock standing on the sidewalk, looking in. A window sign reads "Magic For Birthdays, Bar Mitzvahs, All Occasions."

43 INT. "THE MAGICK MERCHANT" SHOP - DAY 43

Willing to perform for an audience of one, the magician deftly sets out three silver cups in the display window. A small rubber ball follows.

Through the window, the magician engages the Warlock in a game of pick-the-cup-with-the-ball-underneath. Twice the Warlock is fooled by the magician's slight-of-hand, twice picking wrong.

After the magician shuffles his cups a third time, however, the Warlock declines to pick. Grandly, the magician overturns a cup to reveal -- nothing. The other two cups, he quickly discovers, also cover nothing.

Perplexed, the magician looks up. He sees the Warlock, still beyond the window, holding the rubber ball.

44 INT. METAPHYSICAL BOOKSTORE - LATE DAY 44

The TENTATIVE WOMAN stands. Crystal jewelry ladens her ears and throat.

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Tresharr, it's me. Fern.

Opposite sits the CHANNEL, eyes closed, entranced. She's a striking forty-year-old in flamboyant clothes -- a Californicated version of the gypsy fortune-teller. She holds a shaft-like aligning crystal. With a strange, lyrical voice:

CHANNEL
I see you, Fern. Even light years away, I see you.

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Yes, well...last week we got into a discussion about "knowingness" and how it could affect a dematerialization of my life?

CHANNEL
Tresharr remember.

WIDER. Aside from books, the store offers metaphysical bric-a-brac -- gems and minerals, jeweled wands, oils, incense, fantasy games. Against this setting sits an audience of crystal people. There are more people than chairs.

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44 (CONTINUED) 44

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Well, it struck such a resonance with my inmost self that I did what you suggested -- I sold my car. You were right. I mean, it was just a leftover trapping of my prior existence.

CHANNEL
And what troubles you still?

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Well, it's just that -- I'm glad the car's gone, I really am -- but now... well, now I can't get to work.

CHANNEL
Ah, solution simple. Tresharr say, "Swim to work." Eh?

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Swim?

CHANNEL
As we, the dolphin race, use just our minds to swim the currents of interstellar oceans, you, Fern, must learn to swim the currents of your own life -- no matter how turbulent they may be. Eh?

TENTATIVE WOMAN
Swim to work.

CHANNEL
(dropping a pearl)
And work to swim.

TENTATIVE WOMAN
I think...I think I understand now.

CHANNEL
More than you know, Fern. More than you know.

Impressed laughter from the crystal people. The channel smiles, looks around blindly.

CHANNEL
And who next?

(CONTINUED)

44 (CONTINUED) (2) 44

As someone else stands, the tentative woman sits -- revealing the Warlock in the background, watching, listening.

45 EXT. METAPHYSICAL BOOKSTORE - LATE DAY 45

The last of the crystal people leave. In the window, posters promote channeling sessions for "...Tresharr and Aquataine, benevolent dolphin entities from the constellation Orion."

46 INT. METAPHYSICAL BOOKSTORE - LATE DAY 46

The channel locks the door. She moves back to the register, begins counting out the drawer.

WARLOCK (O.S.)
You are a spiritualist.

She spins. His back to her, the Warlock stands at a display of aligning crystals, examining one.

CHANNEL
I'm sorry, I thought everyone had left.

WARLOCK
You hail spirits, do you not?

CHANNEL
I "channel" them. Were you here for the session?

WARLOCK
Then "channel" me a spirit.

Now the Warlock turns. She's sees his animal eyes, his wild clothes, his tangle of hair -- and likes what she sees.

CHANNEL
Well, really, I only do grope... "group" sessions. Group sessions.

Sensing her vulnerability, the Warlock moves closer. Much closer.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) 46

WARLOCK
Channel me a spirit.

CHANNEL
(flustered)
What...who did you have in mind?
Like a relative?

WARLOCK
Like a father.

CHANNEL
What's his name?

WARLOCK
He has many.

CHANNEL
I'll need one.

WARLOCK
"Zamiel."

He offers a shaft-shaped aligning crystal. Her hand wraps around it.

CHANNEL
"Zamiel."

CUT TO:

The channel has assumed a trance position. Her breath grows uneven. Her head flicks back and forth. Guttural sounds come from her throat.

Amid the audience of chairs, the Warlock watches and waits, hoping the charade will be brief.

The channel's head lolls then lifts. Lowering her voice by an octave:

CHANNEL
I am here. Zamiel. Newly come.
What is it you care to ask of me?

WARLOCK
I would ask that we wait.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (2) 46

CHANNEL
(as Zamiel)
Time is infinite, yet never to be wasted. For what do we wait?

WARLOCK
For the true Zamiel to appear.

CHANNEL
(as Zamiel)
I am Zamiel, the father. Only when you have put aside all doubts will you...will you be able to ask me... to ask me....

Her body shudders as something cold and foreign wells up inside. An icy light radiates from within. Her hands tear at her clothes. Her back arches, her breasts thrust forward. And then, startling us, her nipples blink. They are the Eyes of Satan.

SATAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(croakish, bottomless, utterly inhuman)
...ask me what thou will.

WARLOCK
How comes it that I am here?

SATAN'S VOICE
Perchance to redeem thyself.

WARLOCK
What would you have me do?

SATAN'S VOICE
Bring together that which has been thirded.
(nipple-eyes flaring)
Bring together my Bible.

WARLOCK
(tantalized)
"The Grand Grimoire"? Here? Now?

SATAN'S VOICE
No longer kept on hallowed ground. By a resourceful witch, it could be retaken.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (3) 46

The channel's core-temperature plummets: Her breath plumes, and her eyes, her own eyes, sheet with ice.

WARLOCK
(daring to barter)
My efforts. How might they be rewarded?

SATAN'S VOICE
Service to Satan is reward.

WARLOCK
For others, surely. But for that most cunning witch who steals back your Bible? The book that can thwart Creation itself? What for him?

Satan croaks out a patronizing chuckle. It galls the Warlock.

WARLOCK
I think it more than coincidence that, of all disciples past and future, 'tis I you turn to for this weighty task.
(bottom-lining)
Now what shall be my reward?

Only the channel's jaw moves, all other joints having seized up. With words that come slow and labored:

SATAN'S VOICE
Do what I demand...bring together all three parts...and you shall be Him....

WARLOCK
Him?

SATAN'S VOICE
The One Begotten Son.

These are the words the Warlock has waited a lifetime to hear.

WARLOCK
(lustfully)
Lord of Bedlam.

(CONTINUED)

46 (CONTINUED) (4) 46

SATAN'S VOICE
He who shall rebuild in my image.

WARLOCK
Prince of Saturnalia.

SATAN'S VOICE
He who comes not in peace, but in wrath.

WARLOCK
It shall be me.

The pact made, the light within the channel dims.

SATAN'S VOICE
(distantly)
Let...mine eyes...guide thee....

Satan voids the body, leaving the channel frozen solid. Barely able to contain himself, the Warlock whispers in her icy ear:

WARLOCK
Did you hear, spiritualist? And are you utterly impressed? For you are the first -- the first to have lain eyes upon the new messiah. Eh? Eh?

He pokes her with a finger until she falls from the chair.

She hits the floor and shatters like glass.

The Warlock sorts through the broken body parts, freeing the nipple-eyes from surrounding tissue.

CLOSE on the eyes rolling around on his open palm. When they roll to a stop, the eyes have aligned, "looking" to their destination.

DISSOLVE TO:

47 EXT. LOS ANGELES BASIN - SUNSET 47

Distant pillars of smoke fan out over the ocean, lending a dingy, otherworldly hue to the sunset. Kassandra's Corvair passes in the foreground.

(CONTINUED)

47 (CONTINUED) 47

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)
...and residents in the Malibu area are looking eastward in apprehension tonight, as forecasters predict a return of the Santa Ana condition experienced last night. The winds are expected to give besieged firefighters all they can handle....

48 EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT 48

Trash dances in the street. Soon it begins circling, drawing up into another whirlwind.

49 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 49

Kassandra parks. For a moment she remains in her car, heeding the house that is, now, completely dark.

50 EXT. FRONT PORCH - CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

She steps onto the porch. The front window has been boarded over. Remnants of yellow police tape litter the ground.

51 INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 51

Kassandra enters, listens to the house that is quiet with death.

An army of footprints have trampled the carpet.

Traces of fingerprint powder are visible.

She moves to the kitchen door, lays a hand on the knob. But the hand just sits there as Kassandra wonders if the room has been cleaned up. Deciding she doesn't need to know, she leaves FRAME. Now we see, beneath the kitchen door, the shadow of something moving inside.

52 INT. KASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 52

With a cordless phone to her ear, Kassandra packs her essentials -- insulin kit, makeup, tampons, contacts, sparkle-stockings.

(CONTINUED)

52 (CONTINUED) 52

KASSANDRA
(getting PHONE MESSAGE)
Fuckin' machine.
(a beat)
C'mon, Rick, pick up the phone. I want to talk to something alive.
(no luck)
Well, look. It's me, Kassandra, 'round nine o'clock. Just thought I'd come over and keep you company tonight. I know how spooked-out you get on nights like this.
(packs diaphragm)
Figure an hour or so. Be there, 'kay?

She hangs up. There's a depression in a bed pillow -- a depression left by the Warlock's head. Kassandra packs quicker.

But then something in the house CREAKS.

She cocks an ear. Nothing. Kassandra steps to the door, peers into the hall. The stray cat appears. Breathing easier, Kassandra returns to her packing.

53 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 53

Another CREAK, this one softer. A shadowy figure nears Kassandra's room.

54 INT. KASSANDRA'S ROOM - NIGHT 54

Behind her, a man fills the doorway. Done packing, Kassandra zips her tote bag and turns to see...

Redferne. He comes at her quickly, stifling her scream with a hand. He dangles the thumblocks before her eyes.

REDFERNE
Did he bleed? The one who wore these? Did he bleed whatsoe'er?

He removes his hand. Kassandra screams again. Redferne slaps her. Pissed, Kassandra tries to slap back. Redferne shunts the blow, puts his hand back on her mouth. He pushes her...

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 55

...toward the kitchen door. Kassandra's feet hit the brakes: She doesn't want to go in there.

56 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 56

Redferne wrestles her inside.

This is the sight she couldn't look at: Dried blood is everywhere, staining copper pots, baked onto the stove, forming hand-marks on walls, streaking even the ceiling.

REDFERNE
He was here. His signature I know.
But was his blood spilt?

He removes his hand. Unexpectedly, Kassandra covers her own mouth and doubles over out of revulsion. Impatient, Redferne jerks her out of the kitchen...

57 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 57

...and steers her to the boarded-up window.

REDFERNE
He came through this window-glass, did he not? Landing here?

KASSANDRA
(finding her voice)
Black-haired guy? Him?

REDFERNE
Was he cut?

Kassandra shakes then nods her head, remembering.

REDFERNE
Show me where.

58 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 58

CLOSE on a pile of dirt and lint being dumped to the floor. Amid the pile, small shards of glass twinkle.

At the hall closet, Kassandra pulls the vacuum cleaner aside as Redferne drops to his knees to sort through the shards. Some are crusted with blood, a welcome sight.

(CONTINUED)

58 (CONTINUED) 58

REDFERNE
They may do....

From inside his coat, Redferne takes a small glass vial. From his boot, he draws a wicked-looking dagger. Still on his knees, Redferne begins scraping the Warlock's blood into the vial. He becomes absorbed in the task.

Kassandra's gaze slides to the phone in Chas's room.

59 INT. CHAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 59

Keeping one eye on Redferne, she crab-steps to the phone, dials 9-1-1.

KASSANDRA
(quietly, matter-of-factly as to not draw attention)
Hello, how are you, this is like, a maybe-emergency. Some guy's here in the house with me. Don't know how dangerous he is, but he's got a thing for blood, and I figure that ain't so good....

60 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 60

Setting down his knife, Redferne holds the vial to the light to see how much blood he has. There's precious little.

61 INT. CHAS'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 61

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
"Kassandra" with a "K." But, hey, don't 'spect me to be waitin' around for you guys, 'cuz I'm skatin' right about now.

She sets the receiver on the table, opens the room window and starts to crawl out. A hand catches her ankle. Redferne hauls her back in.

REDFERNE
Your well. Where would it be?

(CONTINUED)

61 (CONTINUED) 61

KASSANDRA
My whale?

REDFERNE
Your well. The place you draw water.

KASSANDRA
Oh, sure. My well.

62 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 62

Again captive, Kassandra leads him in and points to the sink. Redferne eyes the single-armed faucet uncertainly. He gives it a few pumps. Water trickles out.

CLOSE as Redferne adds a few drops of water to his vial. The dried blood inside rehydrates.

REDFERNE
Now, brute. One last time will we play the game out.

Kassandra looks to the door. Redferne slams it shut. Now he unpockets a flat wooden box, opens it. Inside are delicate rods of copper and brass.

CLOSE as Redferne erects a pedestal from the rods. Atop the pedestal, he sets a metal pointer, and to the head of the pointer, he affixes the vial of rehydrated blood. The pointer levels perfectly.

KASSANDRA
(intrigued)
What is it?

REDFERNE
(finger to lips)
Peace. Do not even breathe on it.

KASSANDRA
(whispering)
Some kinda compass?

REDFERNE
Witch-compass.

KASSANDRA
(nodding to it)
This one here.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED) 62

REDFERNE
What of it?

KASSANDRA
What is it?

REDFERNE
As I say, 'tis a witch-compass.

KASSANDRA
Oh, you mean "witch," not "which." Like Samantha? Tabitha?

REDFERNE
Like the Warlock.

KASSANDRA
That guy was a warlock?

REDFERNE
A male witch.

KASSANDRA
Oh. And so this li'l jobber'll find him, right?

REDFERNE
The needle will point up the brute, his direction. The quicker it swings, the closer is he. The slower, the more distant.

KASSANDRA
Way cool.

They fall silent, both watching the blood-powered pointer intently. It doesn't move. Gradually Kassandra comes to her senses.

KASSANDRA
What a cup of shit. It's not gonna move.

REDFERNE
Give it time. The blood was thin.

Through the window, Kassandra notices streaking red and blue lights.

(CONTINUED)

62 (CONTINUED) (2) 62

KASSANDRA
Time is something you don't got, buddy.

Now Redferne sees the lights. Alarmed, he puts an eye to the window slats and peers outside.

WHAT HE SEES:

The strobing patrol car looks like an alien landing craft. Disembodied VOICES fill the air. Two shadowy men approach the house, each carrying a flameless torch.

BACK TO REDFERNE

REDFERNE
(awakened)
Though first I did think this was New Castle...or a township of the Carolinas...now I think I am farther removed.
(looking again)
Much farther.

Redferne bolts from the bathroom...

63 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 63

...and appears at the front door.

The TWO COPS lay hands on their guns.

Flashlights blind Redferne. Defensively, he grabs his whip and flips it to full length.

CUT TO:

A taser gun firing.

CLOSE on the wired barb imbedding in Redferne's chest.

Redferne falls in the doorway, the taser's electricity wracking his body.

64 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 64

CUT TO:

Minutes later. Kassandra stands with one cop while the other loads a staggered Redferne into the patrol car.

(CONTINUED)

64 (CONTINUED) 64

REDFERNE
(scattered)
...lays waste to all in his path...
the place matters not...hear me when
I say he is evil, evil absolute....

The car door slams.

COP
We'll run him down to the station.
But in the meantime, let me give you
a little advice: Get away from this
house.

KASSANDRA
Gotta watch?

COP
Yeah.

KASSANDRA
Time me.

65 INT. KASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 65

Moving out for good, Kassandra scoops up belongings by the armload...

66 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 66

...and dumps them into the hood-trunk of the Corvair. The patrol car is gone.

67 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 67

The witch-compass stands in the FOREGROUND. Kassandra passes in the BACKGROUND, making another run to the car. She backs up a few steps to peek at the compass: It's absolutely still. Shaking her head, Kassandra disappears -- and now the pointer begins twitching.

68 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - NIGHT 68

CLOSE on the Eyes of Satan resting on a flattened palm. The pupils "look" toward...

...the house.

69 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 69

Using drawers for boxes, Kassandra packs up bathroom gear. About to leave with a stack of drawers, she spots the witch-compass. It points toward the front of the house. She scowls, trying to remember if that's the way it pointed before.

70 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 70

Kassandra's head leans out of the bathroom.

71 WHAT SHE SEES: 71

Through the open front door, the silhouette of the Warlock standing in the road.

72 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 72

Drawers drop as Kassandra streaks for the door, somehow getting there before the Warlock. The door slams, locks.

Kassandra snatches up the living room phone. Three times she tries to punch up 9-1-1, three times she gets it wrong. She clears the line for another try -- then drops the phone.

WHAT SHE SEES:

The witch-compass in the bathroom. The pointer moves quickly, circling -- circling as if the Warlock were outside looking for a way in.

BACK TO KASSANDRA

Remembering the open window.

73 INT. CHAS'S ROOM - NIGHT 73

She surges into the room, slaps the window shut, drops a stick in place. Then she freezes, listening intently for sounds beyond the blinds. RACK FOCUS to reveal the Warlock behind her, already inside.

74 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 74

A SCREAM. In a moment the Warlock appears. With one hand, he drags Kassandra. In the other, he holds the Eyes of Satan.

CLOSE on the Eyes, turning in his palm, leading him to their destination. Finally the eyeballs fix on...

...the altar table.

He throws Kassandra aside. The table is swept clear. The Warlock runs his hands over the wood, looking for a way in.

Kassandra checks the route to the front door. Blocked.

The Warlock grabs a fireplace shovel, begins beating on the table. A crack appears. The Warlock jams the shovel into the crack, pries it wider. He kneels to peer inside.

WHAT HE SEES:

A hollow.

BACK TO SCENE

Seeing her chance, Kassandra sprints for the bathroom...

75 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 75

...and locks the door.

76 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 76

The Warlock thinks about pursuing but doesn't, more concerned with the secrets of the table.

77 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 77

Kassandra leaps to the louvered window, yanks at the glass slats epoxied in place. Behind her, the TABLE POUNDING resumes.

78 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 78

Finally the altar table breaks open. 222 ancient pages spill to the floor -- the first third of The Grand Grimoire.

79 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 79

Drawn by the silence, Kassandra pads to the door, puts an eye to the keyhole.

WHAT SHE SEES:

The empty living room.

BACK TO KASSANDRA

She listens, hears nothing. She puts a hand on the knob -- but thinks better of it, suspecting a trap. Silently she renews her assault on the window slats.

A hand shatters the slats and catches her wrist.

Kassandra tears free. But as she falls away, her head smacks the porcelain tub.

WARLOCK (O.S.)
"Tout, tout, through and about,
This callow life in dismay;
Rentum, Osculum, Tormentum..."

Clutching her head, Kassandra looks. Only the Warlock's fist is visible though the shattered window. Her charm bracelet, torn from her wrist, dangles from between his fingers.

WARLOCK (CONT'D)
"A decade, twice over, a day."

Spell over, the fist disappears. Kassandra crumples to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

80 EXT. CHAS'S HOUSE - MORNING 80

The Corvair is in the driveway, packed, one door still open.

81 INT. BATHROOM - MORNING 81

Kassandra is balled up by the toilet, stirring awake. We can't see her face, but her once-short hair now falls down her back. Stranger still, the upper half of her hair, newly grown, is an unfamiliar brown-gray.

(CONTINUED)

81 (CONTINUED) 81

She lifts her head. Her breath catches when she sees the mirror: Her face has a deeper, sunken look. Her fingernails have grown by inches. Sometime during the night, Kassandra has aged twenty years.

82 INT. JAIL CELL - POLICE STATION - DAY 82

A BIG SCARY FUCKER struts around the cell in a wolfskin coat, showing it off to the other LOWLIFES in the cell. Redferne sits with his back to a wall. He eyes the man parading in his coat.

An ESCORT OFFICER appears. The cell door unlocked, he summons Redferne with a finger. Redferne stands but lingers, wanting his coat back.

ESCORT OFFICER
(to big scary fucker)
C'mon, Superfly, hand it over.

83 INT. BOOKING AREA - POLICE STATION - DAY 83

The BOOKING COP does a double-take at Redferne's clothes. He looks to the escort officer for explanation.

ESCORT OFFICER
Renaissance Faire?

BOOKING COP
Good enough for me.

ESCORT OFFICER
(checking paperwork)
"694-829."

The booking cop locates the proper bag and spills out Redferne's belongings -- small bones, acorns, sticks tied with horsehair, crude keys, the sloughed skin of a snake.

BOOKING COP
These all your, uh...
(suppressing a smile)
...your "valuables"?

REDFERNE
My whip.

(CONTINUED)

83 (CONTINUED) 83

BOOKING COP
Oh, yeah.

He unbags the whip, lays it atop the other things.

BOOKING COP
One whip. Exactly half an inch under the legal limit. Sign here.

He slides a form across the desk. Redferne takes the offered pen, glances around the counter.

BOOKING COP
Whatcha need?

REDFERNE
Ink.

BOOKING COP
In the pen. One of the perks of livin' in the 20th century.

REDFERNE
Twentieth?

BOOKING COP
Sign, Pilgrim.

84 INT. WAITING AREA - POLICE STATION - DAY 84

Kassandra is here, clipping back her fingernails. The escort officer steers Redferne through a door. Paperwork slides beneath a glass divider.

ESCORT OFFICER
(to Kassandra)
You understand that if Mr. Redferne doesn't appear on the appointed date, you forfeit bail?

Kassandra signs. Redferne studies her, having seen the changes instantly. She slaps down the pen.

KASSANDRA
So you know this fuckbrain, huh?

REDFERNE
(nodding)
And his handiwork.

85 EXT. PARKING LOT - POLICE STATION - DAY 85

Stalking to the Corvair:

KASSANDRA
He do what I think he did? He put some hoodoo-hex-spell on me? Made me forty instead of twenty? That what this scumwad did?

REDFERNE
There is no crime of which he is incapable.

She jerks open the driver's door, piles in. Redferne tries to follow through the same door. She pushes him away.

KASSANDRA
Other door, other door.

He rounds the car, fumbles with the doorhandle. Shaking her head, Kassandra opens the passenger door from the inside.

KASSANDRA
Not a local product, are you?

86 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 86

Kassandra drives.

KASSANDRA
"Sixteen hundred ninety-and-one"?

REDFERNE
Aye.

KASSANDRA
Like, almost three hundred years ago.

REDFERNE
As queer it seems to you, 'tis even more so to me.

KASSANDRA
(a beat, shrugging)
Guess I knew it. But shit if I was gonna be the first to say it.

87 INT. LIVING ROOM - CHAS'S HOUSE - DAY 87

Redferne squats at the broken altar table, studying its hollow. Nearby, Kassandra slathers "Oil of Olay" over herself.

REDFERNE
He did this?

KASSANDRA
(still steamed)
Twenty years and not one party. What a total ass-burner.

REDFERNE
The altar table. He breaked it?

KASSANDRA
Yeah, he broke it. But look, I didn't bring you here to fix the furniture...

Redferne leaves the room...

88 INT. HALLWAY - DAY 88

...and moves to the hall closet. Kassandra follows.

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
What about me? How do we fix my face?

REDFERNE
What was it he took from you?

KASSANDRA
Twenty fuckin' years.

REDFERNE
An object.

KASSANDRA
What kinda object?

Redferne locates his dagger in the bottom of the closet, this the dagger he used to scrape down the Warlock's blood. It disappears into his boot.

REDFERNE
Something small. Something personal to you.

They exit...

89 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 89

...and enter.

KASSANDRA
My bracelet. Like that? He had my charm bracelet.

REDFERNE
You must reclaim it. Only then will the spell be countered.

KASSANDRA
"Reclaim it"?

Redferne steps into the kitchen. Kassandra starts to follow but doesn't, remembering. In a moment he returns with the carton of salt.

REDFERNE
This I spied earlier. 'Tis yours? The whole of it?

KASSANDRA
It's just salt.

Impressed, he pockets the container.

REDFERNE
We'll take your coach.

KASSANDRA
No, we'll take a minute here. Do you mean that I have to get my bracelet back to break the spell? Back from the Warlock? The guy who finger-paints with body fluids?

REDFERNE
'Tis the one way.

Her face fouls. Now it's Kassandra who leaves...

90 INT. KASSANDRA'S BEDROOM - DAY 90

...and Redferne who follows.

REDFERNE
Did you hear? You must do this. There is no question of it.

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED) 90

Kassandra unzips her insulin kit, whips out the bottle of clear liquid.

KASSANDRA
See this? Insulin. It's the one thing that I "must" do. Once a day, every day, and I hate it. Because I "must" do it.

She puts the bottle away, turns to consult a mirror.

KASSANDRA
Nails're no problem...can always cut and dye my hair again...wrinkles... well, I hear they're doing wonders with collagen these days. Hey, forty ain't so bad. I'll buy a little tennis skirt and prance around town like all those bitches in their BMW's.
(turning back)
Sorry, Redferne. But if you're nuts enough to want to find this guy, you're on your own.

He looks at her oddly.

REDFERNE
You realize not.

KASSANDRA
Realize what?

REDFERNE
What the spell has done.

KASSANDRA
It's aged me twenty years.

REDFERNE
Not "aged." Aging.

A colossal beat.

KASSANDRA
You're shittin' me. You're shittin' me up the wall and 'cross the ceilin'.

But his face says otherwise.

(CONTINUED)

90 (CONTINUED) (2) 90

KASSANDRA
Are you saying that tomorrow...
(turning to mirror, envisioning damage)
...I am going to wake up s-si-si....
(she can't even say it)
Three times twenty?

REDFERNE
I say this. Unless you find the Warlock and thereby your bracelet... you shall die in but half a week.

KASSANDRA
Die.

REDFERNE
Of old age.

Now true horror grips her face. Kassandra cuts loose with a scream...

91 EXT. CREST OF HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY 91

...that continues even here. From this vantage point, the ocean can be seen to the west, the valley to the east. Finally the scream fades.

KASSANDRA
That didn't help.

Redferne is huddled over the witch-compass, protecting it from a breeze. The pointer is aimed...

REDFERNE
East. A great distance east.
(packing up compass)
Let's tarry not.

KASSANDRA
Hey. First let's get the guidelines down. All I want is the bracelet. Whatever this thing is 'tween you and the Warlock -- an' I get the feeling he just didn't use your toothbrush -- I don't wanna know about it, 'cuz I don't give a sailin' shit. As soon as I get the goods back, I'm gone. Got it?

(CONTINUED)

91 (CONTINUED) 91

Redferne grunts agreement. As they move to the car, the VIEW SWINGS east, encompassing the valley and desert beyond.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

92 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 92

This is barren and inhospitable land, terrain even animals avoid.

93 EXT. THE JUNKMAN'S HOUSE - DAY 93

Behind a ramshackle house lies a graveyard of cars. Nearby, the JUNKMAN stands on a ladder, reshaping old auto parts with a welding torch, adding them to a towering chrome-and-rust sculpture. The artwork is unfathomable -- one man's monument to loneliness.

On the rear porch, two dogs laze together as one.

Presently the junkman kills his torch, lifts his mask, squints into the desert.

94 WHAT HE SEES: 94

The dark figure of a man approaching.

95 BACK TO JUNKMAN 95

He eases down the ladder, moves to the porch to sort through a box of tangled eyeglasses. Trying on several pair, he finds some that do the trick.

96 WHAT HE SEES: 96

MORE IN FOCUS NOW, the Warlock approaches through a band of shimmering heat. He walks neither fast nor slow but steadily. And making the image almost surreal, the Warlock appears to be reading.

(CONTINUED)

(CONTINUED)

97 BACK TO JUNKMAN 97

Hearing a SNARL, turning.

His two dogs are squaring off, hackles up, canines out. Before he can step between them, one dog lunges, catching the other dog by the testicles.

CLOSE on a pair of discarded eyeglasses. Through the lenses, we watch the Warlock continue his eastward stroll.

98 EXT. ROCK ESCARPMENT - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 98

Overhead, a ROARING JET.

Standing on a rock outcropping, the Warlock watches the plane in fascination. The FADING SOUND OF THE JET segues to HYMNAL MUSIC. The Warlock's attention shifts to the culvert below.

99 WHAT HE SEES: 99

A small trailer park.

100 EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 100

The periphery of the park. An eight-year-old BOY with a green windbreaker tied to his waist plays one-man football: He tosses the ball into the air, runs beneath to catch it, supplies his own HEROIC NARRATIVE.

Again he throws. But this time the ball is caught by other hands.

The Warlock tosses back the ball.

CUT TO:

Seated at a picnic table, the Warlock and the boy are engaged in a hand-held game of electronic football.

BOY
(giving pointers)
You gotta either pass the ball or run with it. Push one of these buttons here, 'kay? If you don't, they'll just keep sackin' you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED) 100

BOY (CONT'D)
(manipulates buttons skillfully)
See? When you pass, you can't let those little stick-guys get between you and the receiver, 'kay? Else they'll intercept, kay? See how I'm doin' it?
(touchdown CHIMES)
Six points. Now I kick off to you, 'kay?

He hands the game to the Warlock, who promptly receives a BUZZ.

BOY
You can't punt on first down. Nobody does that, not even Tampa Bay. Doncha watch football?

The HYMNAL MUSIC returns.

WARLOCK
(cocking an ear)
From where comes it? The music?

BOY
Other side of the park. There's a real building over there. They use it for square dances and church and junk.

WARLOCK
How is it you're not there? In church?

BOY
I never go. Dad doesn't want me to. Hates all that stuff about Jesus and the twelve apostrophes and....
(a BUZZ)
Awwww. Intercepted. Your turn.
(hands it over)
How come you're not there?

WARLOCK
Church?

BOY
It's Sunday.

(CONTINUED)

100 (CONTINUED) (2) 100

Thinking about his answer, the Warlock rises and moves to a shrub. He breaks a leaf and holds it to his nose: The smell is familiar.

WARLOCK
Because no witch can set foot on church ground.

BOY
You tellin' me you're a witch? You ain't no witch. Witches're girls.

WARLOCK
A few are men.

BOY
So where's your broomstick?

The Warlock cocks his head, not understanding.

BOY
Witches fly on broomsticks. Didn't you never see "Wizard of Oz"?

WARLOCK
I need no broom to fly.

BOY
Yeah? So what do you need?

The Warlock eyes the boy for an uncomfortably long moment. Then, smiling at some private irony, he begins gathering leaves.

101 CUT TO: 101

The picnic table is abandoned. The BOY'S MOTHER appears.

BOY'S MOTHER
Kevin?

About to look elsewhere, she notices the electronic game on the ground. She picks it up. Her breath hitches when she finds it splattered with blood.

102 EXT. HIGHWAY - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 102

Kassandra's Corvair tools past VIEW.

103 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 103

Driving, Kassandra keeps a curious eye on Redferne: After spitting repeatedly onto the leather of his whip, he kneads salt into the moistened leather.

KASSANDRA
Look, if you're hungry, we'll just stop.

More spit. More salt. More kneading.

KASSANDRA
Okay, what <u>are</u> you doing?

REDFERNE
Salting the leather.

KASSANDRA
No kiddin'. How come?

REDFERNE
Witches loathe salt.

KASSANDRA
Don't blame 'em. Salt, sugar, M.S.G. -- all that shit'll kill you.

Steering with one hand, Kassandra begins an extensive purse-search. Redferne eyes the road with growing concern.

REDFERNE
Tell me. Must we travel on just one side of roadway? Or is't whichever we choose?

KASSANDRA
(still searching)
One side.

REDFERNE
Which side might that be?

KASSANDRA
The right side.

Redferne jerks the wheel to the right just as...

104 EXT. HIGHWAY - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 104

...an eighteen-wheeler BLASTS ITS HORN and THUNDERS PAST in the opposite direction.

105 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 105

Recovering:

REDFERNE
Let your attention lie before you, not beside you.

KASSANDRA
Oh, check this. Some guy from the 17th-century tellin' me how to drive. How quick they learn.

Among her purse-dredgings is bubble gum. She hands a piece to Redferne. He regards it oddly.

KASSANDRA
Bubble gum. Usually buy Carefree, but sometimes I get this stuff and have someone chew out the sugar. Sugar -- something I loathe.

He doesn't understand.

KASSANDRA
Go 'head. You start, I'll finish.

Frowning, Redferne eases the gum into his mouth.

KASSANDRA
Help if you unwrap it.

He tries again sans paper. Though at first suspicious, his face eases.

KASSANDRA
Good deal, huh?

He nods -- and stops chewing.

KASSANDRA
Tell me you didn't swallow it.

REDFERNE
'Twasn't meant to be eaten?

(CONTINUED)

105 (CONTINUED) 105

KASSANDRA
(shaking head)
Seven years to digest....

She resumes her purse-search. With an AHH, she finds her Mastercard.

106 EXT. GAS STATION - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 106

The Corvair stops at a pump. Kassandra and Redferne emerge. Picking at his palms, an ATTENDANT appears.

KASSANDRA
Take Mastercard?

ATTENDANT
(noting their attire)
With plenty of I.D. we do.

KASSANDRA
(flashing card to Redferne)
20th-century money. Great shit. You can spend as much as you want until you hit your limit. Then you go fifty bucks a whack.

She moves to the pumps. Gathering up his witch-compass, Redferne heads into the desert...

107 EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 107

...and levels a patch of ground with his boot. Once the witch-compass is erected, the pointer stabilizes quickly.

REDFERNE
We gain....

Suddenly GUNSHOTS. Redferne looks up, then looks back to the witch-compass. Same direction.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY

KASSANDRA
(to attendant)
What's goin' on?

(CONTINUED)

107 (CONTINUED) 107

ATTENDANT
Fellas up in the hills, hunting coyote.

KASSANDRA
You eat coyotes around here?

Redferne joins them.

ATTENDANT
Boy over in the trailer park was killed by one. Sometimes they do that, coyotes -- come down, carry off a child. This boy was chewed up fairly good, from what's bein' said. Skin taken clean off.

Redferne twitches at these last words, knowing something we don't. More GUNSHOTS.

108 EXT. TRAILER PARK - MOJAVE DESERT - DAY 108

The carcass of a coyote slams to the ground.

Several MUSCLE-HEADS with rifles and four-wheel-drives congratulate themselves somberly.

Trailer-park RESIDENTS circle the dead animal, wanting a look at the boy-killer. Among the onlookers are Redferne and Kassandra.

KASSANDRA
Guess they got their man.

Redferne has doubts. Shortly the boy's mother breaks into the circle, she too wanting a look at the monster. But in a moment she retreats, unable to see through her tears.

KASSANDRA
(to Redferne)
C'mon, let's blow this berg. We're wastin' time.

But Redferne is already on the move, following the boy's mother.

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED) 108

REDFERNE
Pray, wait. 'Twas your son? The boy killed?

The woman stops, looks him over. She nods.

REDFERNE
For your loss, I grieve. But I have need to ask one thing.

BOY'S MOTHER
What?

REDFERNE
Was he baptized?

BOY'S MOTHER
You're not from the funeral home, are you? If there's going to be a problem with where he's --

REDFERNE
Was the boy baptized?

BOY'S MOTHER
(a beat)
No. His father wouldn't allow it.

She disappears into a trailer. Kassandra, having watched the exchange, joins Redferne.

KASSANDRA
So clue me.

REDFERNE
The Warlock will travel swifter now.

KASSANDRA
Hold on. You think he 86'd the kid? Killed him?

REDFERNE
Of all ingredients used by a witch, the most coveted is human fat. And if that fat is cut from an unbaptized male child...there is but one purpose ...one thing it will beget.

(CONTINUED)

108 (CONTINUED) (2) 108

KASSANDRA
(not sure she wants to know)
I'm lis'nin'.

REDFERNE
Flying potion.

109 EXT. TRANSIENT CAMP - MOJAVE DESERT - DUSK 109

TRANSIENTS encircle a small fire, drinking, talking lurchingly. But soon they grow silent, noticing the fire burning bluer...and bluer...and bluer still.

The Warlock appears. Scarcely acknowledging the men, he steps to the fire, empties a tin of heating soup.

One transient stands: That was his dinner.

The Warlock locks eyes with the man.

Finding something lethal in the Warlock's stare, the transient backs out of camp.

The Warlock produces a pouch of green nylon -- the boy's windbreaker. He unties it. A few brave transients edge closer, wanting to see what the Warlock has to eat. But when the pouch is unfolded, the curious transients move off quickly:

CLOSE on the pouch. Inside is human fat, bloody and congealed.

After scooping some into the can, the Warlock produces a small tin of gathered leaves, tendrils, broken roots. He sprinkles them onto the fat.

The potion heats. Waiting, the Warlock unpockets the eyes of Satan. They align in his hand, "looking" east.

If any transients remained, now they leave.

CUT TO:

Preparing for high-speed travel, the Warlock straps the pages of The Grand Grimoire to his torso.

(CONTINUED)

109 (CONTINUED) 109

CUT TO:

The soup can. The fat inside has liquified. Plucking the can from the fire, the Warlock drinks the potion. He uses his fingers to get out every drop, reminding us of a kid finishing off a frosting bowl.

110 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT 110

A Highway Patrol car is parked in the dirt.

111 INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT 111

Dash-lights illuminate a YOUNG COP stuck with the graveyard shift. His radio is silent, his coffee cup empty. He closes his eyes to catch some sleep.

Then the RADAR BEEPS. He opens one eye. The digital readout screen flashes "67."

Opening both eyes, the cop looks down the highway. No headlights. But the readout screen indicates something approaching fast: "...76...83...91...."

Still no headlights. The young cop reaches for his own headlights, pulls the knob.

WHAT HE SEES:

Through the windshield -- caught for a split-moment in the path of the headlights -- is the Warlock. He flies upright, skimming only inches above the highway, his body turned edgewise to reduce air-friction. He is a black paper doll.

CUT TO YOUNG COP

Open-mouthed, he stares at the radar screen. The numbers have locked in at "109."

112 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - NIGHT 112

Arizona landscape rushes by, dark and flat and tedious. Kassandra has driven nearly twelve hours without a break, as her hooded eyes testify.

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED) 112

REDFERNE
Is't possible I could drive the coach?

KASSANDRA
Huh? Oh, no thanks. Don't wanna wind up a radiator-waffle. And it's a "car."

REDFERNE
"Car."

KASSANDRA
Was gonna suggest we catch some zee's somewhere...'til I realized that a one-hour nap works out to about nine months of life.
(turns on radio)
Try this.

DISTANT VOICES filter through the speaker. (NOTE: The radio voice should mention Arizona.) Redferne peers at the grill.

KASSANDRA
No little people inside.

REDFERNE
I gathered.

KASSANDRA
Wanna know how it works?

[redacted]
It 'twill help find the warlock.

KASSANDRA
Huh-uh. Won't.

Redferne turns away, all interest gone. Finding only COUNTRY WESTERN MUSIC within range, Kassandra snaps off the radio.

KASSANDRA
Rather crash. Hey, dig me up some gum?

REDFERNE
Gum we've none.

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED) (2) 112

KASSANDRA
Whaddya mean? We just bought two packs back at the truck stop.

Redferne looks away guiltily.

KASSANDRA
Hokay, fine. No gum, no music -- guess we'll have to fall back on stimulating conversation. Lessee...
(a beat)
Hey. You know the earth is round?

REDFERNE
For years, now.

KASSANDRA
Well, just ask me anything. You know, the mysteries of the universe. I took two years of high school. Ask me anything.

REDFERNE
Why is it you paint your face?

KASSANDRA
My face?
(checks herself in mirror)
Nothin' wrong with a little makeup. 'Specially now.

REDFERNE
[illegible] goodly women.

KASSANDRA
[illegible], c'mon. You tellin' me that in 1691, gals don't wear <u>any</u> makeup? Nothing?

REDFERNE
If my Marian had but once --
(catching himself)
Nay. Goodly women do not paint themselves.

KASSANDRA
You married? Way back there?

(CONTINUED)

112 (CONTINUED) (3) 112

He shakes his head tightly.

KASSANDRA
You just said "my Marian." Who's she?

Redferne collects the witch-compass.

REDFERNE
We'll need new bearing.

KASSANDRA
Daughter?

REDFERNE
Pray, stop the coach.

KASSANDRA
Some squeeze.

REDFERNE
Stop here.

KASSANDRA
Who's Marian?

REDFERNE
Stop.

She does, both the questioning and the car.

113 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - ARIZONA - NIGHT 113

Redferne moves a few paces from the car to erect his witch-compass.

114 INT. CORVAIR - NIGHT 114

Willing to give it another shot, Kassandra reaches for the radio -- but finds her hand trembling uncontrollably. Thinking it's an insulin reaction, she digs up her kit. But then she sees her knuckles actually throbbing.

KASSANDRA
What the shit is....

With a gasp she realizes. She fumbles with the door...

115 EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER - ARIZONA - NIGHT 115

...and spills out. A seizure grips Kassandra, dropping her to all fours.

KASSANDRA
Oh God, oh God, oh God....

CLOSE on her hands, knuckles swelling, nails sprouting.

CLOSE on her hair growing, flooding with gray.

CLOSE on the seams of her leggings splitting open.

CLOSE on her shoes, seemingly shrinking on her feet.

Working in the headlight beams, Redferne studies the needle of his witch-compass. A pitiful MOANING turns his head.

Kassandra staggers toward the desert, clutching herself as if she might fall apart.

REDFERNE
Where go you?

She doesn't answer. Redferne runs her down. Kassandra hides her face beneath her hands -- but Redferne sees the long nails, the gray hair.

KASSANDRA
Just get lost. I don't wanna know how bad it is. Just leave me alone, awright?

Gently, he pries away her liver-spotted hands.

KASSANDRA
Don't look...please don't look....

The sight steals even Redferne's breath. With tears coursing down her sixty-year-old face:

KASSANDRA
Why didn't he just kill me? Nothing could be worse than this. Nothing.

REDFERNE
His very thought.

116 INT. CORVAIR - DAWN 116

Later. Kassandra lies across the front seat, assessing the damage with a small makeup mirror.

KASSANDRA
Gawd, what a full-on hag.

Just outside the car, Redferne notices a glow to the eastern horizon.

REDFERNE
Dawn, soon.

With an old woman's sigh, Kassandra drags herself up. She packs away the mirror. In doing so, she runs across a loose tampon.

KASSANDRA
What a joke, huh?

It sails out the window. Redferne slips in the car. Kassandra starts the engine. Now it's the rearview mirror that haunts her.

KASSANDRA
Y'know, this morning I freaked 'cuz I looked like my mother. Now here I am -- staring at my grandmother.

REDFERNE
A goodlier sixty-year-old I've seldom seen.

KASSANDRA
What was that? A 17th-century compliment? Well, thanks for tryin'. But that's not why I mention it.

REDFERNE
No?

KASSANDRA
My grandmother died in her seventies, Redferne.

REDFERNE
(a beat)
I would give no weight to such thoughts. 'Tis hard to say if --

116 (CONTINUED) 116

KASSANDRA
Let's not yank each other. This is it for me. Today. Next time, I don't grow older -- I just grow deader.

HARD CUT TO:

117 INT. MENNONITE'S ROOM - FARMHOUSE - DAWN 117

The MENNONITE wakes suddenly. Something isn't right. Sitting up in bed, the old man listens to the quiet house. He pushes back covers and steps to the window.

118 WHAT HE SEES: 118

Outside, a rooster returns his stare. Though the sun is up, the rooster hasn't crowed.

119 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - MORNING 119

Dressed in bedclothes, the Mennonite starts for the bathroom. But he stops, hearing a BUMPING SOUND above him. He eyes the pull-down staircase embedded in the ceiling -- it's an attic entrance.

(NOTE: Mennonites are cousin to the Amish, the two sects having split during the 1600's. While the Mennonites are, today, more receptive to worldly ways, they still observe many of the austere, superstitious traits of the Amish.)

120 EXT. FARMHOUSE - COLORADO - MORNING 120

ESTABLISHING VIEW: Dairy cows graze in the fields that surround the farmhouse and attendant buildings. A roadside sign informs that the farm doubles as an inn, welcoming travelers for $12.50 a night.

121 INT. KITCHEN - FARMHOUSE - MORNING 121

CLOSE on a knife clattering to the floor.

Now dressed in black dayclothes, the Mennonite picks up the knife. He continues to set the table, careful not to let flatware cross.

Nearby, his DAUGHTER-IN-LAW cooks. Her clothing is conventional, secular.

(CONTINUED)

121 (CONTINUED) 121

MENNONITE
(trace of German accent)
How many?

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
(counting)
Family of three from Utah...salesman from Detroit...the newlyweds from Oregon. So six.

MENNONITE
The salesman. You put him upstairs? In the attic?

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Haven't used the attic in years. You know that. Got owls up there.

MENNONITE
(remembering sound)
Big owls.

The Mennonite adds butter to the table. But before he sets the cream pitcher down, he sniffs.

MENNONITE
It's bad, this cream.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Now how could it be? Brought it in yesterday.

MENNONITE
Smell.

She gives him a look you'd give a child who asks too many questions.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
The cream is fine. Maybe not for an old dairy man from Pennsylvania, but for the folks we have, it'll do. Now could you finish the table before they're all down here?

122 INT. MILK BARN - MORNING 122

The dairy FARMER -- the Mennonite's secular son -- is hooking cows to milking harnesses. The Mennonite enters with a pitcher of cream.

(CONTINUED)

122 (CONTINUED) 122

MENNONITE
It's bad. Taste for yourself. Spoiled.

FARMER
Couldn't be. Brought it in just yesterday.

MENNONITE
Taste.

FARMER
Got a lot of work here, Dad. If you're done helpin' Elsie, why don't you saddle the horse. One of the youngsters had his heart set on ridin' today.

He leaves, cutting short any further conversation.

123 EXT. STABLE - MORNING 123

The Mennonite opens the stall door, CLUCKS his tongue as he steps aside. No horse appears.

124 INT. STABLE - MORNING 124

The Mennonite enters. It's a small stall, barely room for a horse to turn around, let alone exercise to a sweat. But still, the Mennonite's eyes don't lie: The horse pants violently, its coat sheened with sweat.

125 EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - MORNING 125

Stock-still, the Mennonite stares at the farmhouse. Above the second story, there's an access door to the attic. The door is ajar.

126 INT. ATTIC - FARMHOUSE - MORNING 126

The VIEW FEATURES an old wooden trunk. It's been broken open and searched. Among the strewn items are books, religious robes, a communion chalice, a sepia-toned photo of the long-dead minister whose belongings these were.

(CONTINUED)

126 (CONTINUED) 126

WIDER. The attic was, once, converted into a spare bedroom, but now the original clutter has returned. Here, amid covered furniture and boxes of stowables, we find the Warlock. Before him are two stacks of ancient papers -- 222 pages each -- the first two thirds of The Grand Grimoire.

The Warlock studies a particular page. Then, experimenting, he extends a hand.

CLOSE as strands of opalescent white matter grow from his fingertips.

Pleased, the Warlock begins playing with the ectoplasm, painting the air with the glowing stuff like a kid writing his name with a sparkler.

127 EXT. MILK BARN - MORNING 127

CLOSE on white-wash being mixed in a bucket.

CLOSE on a paint brush being unstiffened.

CLOSE on a ladder impaling the ground.

With bold strokes, the Mennonite begins painting a figure on the side of the barn.

128 EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY 128

As the Corvair passes a "Welcome to Colorado" sign.

129 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 129

Redferne works with something between his knees.

CLOSER on the witch-compass, now suspended beneath the dash. With just string and ingenuity, Redferne has prevented either wind or vibration from affecting the pointer.

KASSANDRA
Can I ask you somethin'? And will you please not have a meltdown this time?

(CONTINUED)

129 (CONTINUED) 129

REDFERNE
Ask.

KASSANDRA
Who's Marian?

He gives her a look.

KASSANDRA
It's why you're after the Warlock, isn't it?

REDFERNE
Yesterday you cared not to know such things.

KASSANDRA
That was twenty years ago.

REDFERNE
Aye. Seems it.
(not easily said)
She was...your age, your true age. And what a blessed vision. Skin like pure lamb, a soul clean as God's own fingers. Marian. She was my goodwife.

KASSANDRA
Your wife? Thought you said you weren't married.

REDFERNE
'Twas long ago. Even before here I came.

KASSANDRA
What happened to her?

Redferne just stares. Kassandra understands.

KASSANDRA
The Warlock happened.

Confirming with silence, Redferne looks away. Suddenly his eyes go wide.

(CONTINUED)

130 WHAT HE SEES: 130

The farmhouse. Painted on the side of the barn is a towering hex-mark, the kind still seen in Pennsylvania-Dutch country -- the kind we saw on a door 300 years earlier. (NOTE: See SCENE #3.)

131 BACK TO REDFERNE 131

Checking the witch-compass. It agrees.

REDFERNE
Stop. Stop the car.

KASSANDRA
Whassamatter?

REDFERNE
I bid you stop, girl.

He clomps down on her brake foot.

132 EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY 132

The Corvair skids to the shoulder. Redferne is out before the dust settles.

133 INT. CORVAIR - DAY 133

Kassandra starts to follow -- but then she spots the witch-compass. It's fallen from its string cradle. The pointer is bent, the precious blood has spilled.

KASSANDRA
Redferne! The compass! It's --

REDFERNE
Leave it. If God stands with us, we'll need it no more.

134 EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY 134

Kassandra rolls out of the car.

KASSANDRA
What do you mean? What's goin' on? We didn't find him, did we?

(CONTINUED)

134 (CONTINUED) 134

But Redferne is already galloping across an open field.

KASSANDRA
Oh, Christ. I think we did.

135 INT. KITCHEN - FARMHOUSE - DAY 135

The daughter-in-law pulls a loaf of bread from the oven.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Well, would you look at this.

FARMER
Hmm?

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Bread didn't rise. Browned, but didn't rise. Must've forgot to --

The door whips open.

REDFERNE
Tell me your woes.

The daughter-in-law stares, startled mute. Redferne spots the bread.

REDFERNE
You are bewitched.

FARMER
What is it you're looking for, friend?

REDFERNE
The hex-mark. Is it yours or is it not?

FARMER
Hex-mark? Last one of those I saw was thirty years ago and about a thousand miles east...of...here....

WHAT FARMER SEES:

Over Redferne's shoulder, the giant hex-mark on the barn.

(CONTINUED)

135 (CONTINUED) 135

BACK TO SCENE

MENNONITE (O.S.)
The mark is mine.

Heads turn to the Mennonite, entering. Redferne draws closer, the old man's clothing familiar to him.

REDFERNE
Amish?

MENNONITE
Mennonite. And we are bewitched...

136 EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY 136

Now outside, the Mennonite points to the exterior attic door.

MENNONITE (CONT'D)
...from there.

Kassandra puffs into the yard. Just as she's ready to slap Redferne with questions, he slaps a hand over her mouth.

REDFERNE
Hither he's come.
(to Mennonite)
Hammer, nails.

CUT TO:

Kassandra and the Mennonite stabilize the ladder as Redferne ascends. In a barrage of hammer blows, the attic door is nailed shut.

137 INT. KITCHEN - FARMHOUSE - DAY 137

Led by the Mennonite, Redferne and Kassandra re-enter.

FARMER
Dad, what the devil you think you're doin'? Who are these --

REDFERNE
If there are children, make them absent.

(CONTINUED)

137 (CONTINUED) 137

MENNONITE
(to farmer)
Take Elsie, the others, leave.

FARMER
What're you talking about? We have guests here, paying guests. Aren't just gonna --

MENNONITE
Listen to me. There is trouble here. Old trouble. The kind your grandfather used to whisper in your ear as you sat in his lap on cold October nights.

FARMER
I don't know what --

MENNONITE
A horse that sweats in the morning... cream that sours overnight... You know the signs. We both know.

The farmer bites his lip, looks to the bread that didn't rise. He knows.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
(having heard enough)
Karl, you aren't gonna listen to --

FARMER
Round up the guests, Elsie.

138 EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY 138

CLOSE on adult feet hurrying, children's feet tripping.

CLOSE on a screen door slamming shut.

CLOSE on car doors opening.

CLOSE on tail-pipes belching exhaust.

139 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY 139

The cars are gone. Nothing moves.

140 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - DAY 140

The Mennonite hands Redferne pennies. Redferne slips a few between Kassandra's lips.

REDFERNE
Fix them there. 'Twill ward off any errant magic.
(to Mennonite)
On my word, close and brace the stairs. You must open them only when I say.
(to both)
And should ever your eyes meet his, show him no fear. 'Tis the air he breathes.

Redferne unsheathes his dagger, nods his readiness. The Mennonite reaches for the overhead stairs.

KASSANDRA
(through pennies)
Hey. Careful.

He doesn't need the reminder. The Mennonite pulls on the dangling cord. SQUEAKING HIDEOUSLY, the overhead stairs unfold. The attic is a dark mouth in the ceiling, the stairs its jagged tongue.

141 INT. ATTIC - FARMHOUSE - DAY 141

Redferne rises into VIEW. Dagger glinting, he ventures forward. He spots the broken-open trunk...

...bootprints in the dust...

...a depression in the cot where the Warlock sat.

Redferne stops under a shaft of daylight, looks up.

There's a hinged window high in the roof. It's open. A cloud sails between window and sun, momentarily darkening the attic.

142 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - DAY 142

Redferne appears at the head of the stairs.

REDFERNE
He's fled.

KASSANDRA
What about....
(spits out pennies)
What about my bracelet?

REDFERNE
Come. We'll search.

143 INT. ATTIC - FARMHOUSE - DAY 143

Together they scour the attic, moving cartons, trunks, furniture. In a crack between bed and wall, Redferne finds a single animal-skin page.

KASSANDRA
Whatcha got?
(drawing closer, reading)
"Motus...dardares...." What is this stuff? Latin?

REDFERNE
Something akin.

KASSANDRA
Boring. C'mon, keep lookin'.

She resumes the search. But Redferne doesn't, his eyes shifting between the page and the trunk.

KASSANDRA
(getting pissed)
Hey, Jackson, read on your time, not mine.

She grabs the page, tears it in half, flings the parts aside.

KASSANDRA
Charm bracelet. Silver. Lotsa little doo-hicker-bobbies hanging from...from....

(CONTINUED)

143 (CONTINUED) 143

On the floor, the two halves of the page are sliding together. In a moment they have rejoined.

KASSANDRA
Shit on sheetcake....

Redferne squats, peers at the page he no longer wants to hold: There is no seam, no indication it was ever ripped.

KASSANDRA
What's goin' on here?

Redferne all but attacks the trunk, throwing out the last of the possessions. Now he sees the false bottom, ripped out. Something was hidden here -- just as something was hidden in the altar table.

REDFERNE
(chilled)
He's come for it. Blessings of heaven, 'tis The Grand Grimoire he's after.

KASSANDRA
The Grand Grimwhat?

REDFERNE
(distracted, trying to think ahead)
A spellbook. All witches keep grimoires. Yet one is indestructible. One is the bible of black magic -- The Grand Grimoire. Always, witches have lusted for it. And now here we find a page...one lone page....

KASSANDRA
Well, what's it doin' here?

REDFERNE
'Twas last held by a Boston church -- the West End Church. I had urged them to third the book, thus thirding the chance of a witch thieving it. But the pages were to be kept on hallowed ground, not scattered about the landside like....

Above them, another "cloud" darkens the attic.

(CONTINUED)

143 (CONTINUED) (2) 143

KASSANDRA
Well, I don't get it. If this thing is so bitchin' to witches, why would the Warlock leave it here? Even just a page?

REDFERNE
(reaching for boot)
He would not.

In a blur, Redferne draws his dagger and shoves Kassandra down the stairs.

REDFERNE
The steps!

144 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - DAY 144

On the floor, Kassandra is jamming pennies back into her mouth. The Mennonite straddles her to shove the stairs upward.

145 INT. ATTIC - FARMHOUSE - DAY 145

They close with a BOOM. A moment of anxious silence. Redferne spins this way and that, every shadow a threat.

WARLOCK (O.S.)
Of all the curiosities here I've seen....

The voice bounces. Redferne can't place it. Then, behind him, the Warlock descends from the rafters.

WARLOCK (CONT'D)
...none has surprised me more than this.

Redferne sees him. Backpedaling to the stairs:

REDFERNE
The brace!

We hear the BRACE SLIDING into place below. Calmly, the Warlock eyes the overhead window.

WARLOCK
Forgotten witches fly?

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED) 145

Redferne casts his whip upward: It catches the lip of the window, drags the window shut. Tying off his end of the taut whip, Redferne seals the exit.

REDFERNE
I forget nothing.

For a moment the two blood enemies stare. Then Redferne lunges, pinning the Warlock against the wall.

WARLOCK
Who appointed you executioner, Redferne? Who?

REDFERNE
'Twas you yourself...

He jams his dagger into the Warlock's gut, then jerks it skyward, hoping for heartmeat.

REDFERNE (CONT'D)
...when one life too many you stole.

Redferne springs back, bringing the dagger with him. Though he expects to see the Warlock dying, instead he finds him grinning.

CLOSE on the Warlock's shirt, torn open and exposing the pages of The Grand Grimoire. The pages -- lacerated by the dagger -- already heal.

WARLOCK
It seems even two thirds can work marvels.

The one loose page flies to the Warlock's hand, vanishes beneath the shirt. Now the Warlock advances.

WARLOCK
Much has changed since the old days, Redferne...

Ectoplasm begins swirling from his hands.

WARLOCK (CONT'D)
And, in truth, I rather fancy the difference.

A bolt of ectoplasm catches Redferne in the chest, *slamming him into the nailed-shut door.*

(CONTINUED)

145 (CONTINUED) (2) 145

The Warlock wades forward, again and again lashing out with ectoplasm, driving Redferne against the door.

With little SCREAMS, the nails in the door wrench free.

Trying to keep his feet, Redferne reaches for his taut whip just as...

...another bolt swirls from the Warlock's hands, speeding right toward VIEW.

146 EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY 146

Redferne crashes outside. Tree branches break his fall to the ground.

147 INT. HALLWAY - FARMHOUSE - DAY 147

Hearing the CRASH, Kassandra and the Mennonite charge for the kitchen door...

148 EXT. FARMHOUSE YARD - DAY 148

...and rush outside. Redferne is on all fours, shaking off the fall.

The Warlock emerges from the attic. He hails the rooftop weathervane with an outstretched hand. The shaft of the vane breaks free and streaks point-first for...

...Redferne. Rolling, he narrowly avoids being skewered.

Watching, Kassandra's mouth lags open. Some of the pennies tumble in. She doubles over to cough them out.

The whip has made the fall with Redferne. He snatches it off the ground, springs onto a outdoor table, snaps the whip to full length...

...and catches the Warlock's ankle. The salted whip scalds the Warlock's boot.

Redferne yanks on the whip.

The Warlock is dragged off the roof -- but starts flying *before he hits the ground.*

(CONTINUED)

148 (CONTINUED) 148

Redferne digs in and hangs onto the whip. His heels begin plowing the ground: He's got a flying tiger by the tail.

The Warlock sails over a wooden fence. Dragging along below, Redferne leaps the fence.

149 EXT. MILK BARN - DAY 149

Doubling back, the Warlock flies through a second-story opening in the barn. Unable to leap this obstacle, Redferne plows into the side. The whip goes free...

...but the handle snags near the opening.

150 INT. LOFT - MILK BARN - DAY 150

The Warlock jerks to a stop. The whip continues to burn his ankle. Unable to touch the salted leather, the Warlock uses a hay-hook to unknot the whip.

151 EXT. MILK BARN - DAY 151

Gaining his feet, Redferne wrestles the weathervane from the ground, races around to the opposite side of the barn. He poises the vane like a javelin.

The Warlock appears, speeding through another opening in the barn wall. Quickly he soars higher.

Redferne hurls the vane...

...and catches the Warlock between the shoulder-blades, wounding him deeply. Like a wingless Icarus, the Warlock loses altitude, circling to the ground.

Redferne charges for the spot the Warlock will land. He readies thumblocks as he runs.

REDFERNE
(to Kassandra, Mennonite)
Follow!

The moment the Warlock hits the ground, Redferne is on him. Kassandra and the Mennonite flounce onto the heap. Kassandra searches the Warlock's pockets frantically.

(CONTINUED)

151 (CONTINUED) 151

KASSANDRA
Where is it? Where's my goddamn bracelet?

Redferne struggles to keep the Warlock down.

The Mennonite, scared beyond belief, holds onto the Warlock's thrashing legs.

Kassandra is unpocketing all manner of vile things -- including the Eyes of Satan, crushed in the Warlock's fall. She drops them as if they were radioactive.

CLOSE on the misshapen eyes trying to orient themselves. All they can do is flop about the ground in death-throes.

Somehow, Redferne manages to get a thumblock on each of the Warlock's thumbs.

REDFERNE
His boots! Off with his boots!

The Mennonite tears off the first boot. Redferne hooks a thumb to a big toe. They go to work on the Warlock's other boot.

But now, oddly, the Warlock stops struggling. His gaze levels on the Mennonite. The frightened old man makes the mistake of looking back.

REDFERNE
(seeing)
Nay, nay, nay, look not into....

Too late: A red hue fills the Mennonites's face. From the corner of one eye, a trickle of blood appears. It widens to a stream. Soon the other eye, too, is spilling blood. The Mennonite falls aside.

Redferne reaches for him instinctively.

Still frisking for the bracelet, Kassandra realizes she's the only one holding down the Warlock.

KASSANDRA
Hey, guys....

He sheds her like a blanket, starts away. Kassandra spins to Redferne, who clasps the Mennonite's eyes, damming the blood.

(CONTINUED)

151 (CONTINUED) (2) 151

KASSANDRA
He's gettin' away!

REDFERNE
Keys, find me brass keys. With them I can remove this hex.

KASSANDRA
But him! The Warlock! Can't just let him blow outta here!

Hobbled by his wounds and the one thumblock, the Warlock ascends a hillside, stumbling more than flying.

Desperate to follow, Redferne eases his hands from the wailing Mennonite. Blood pours out. Redferne slaps his hands back in place.

REDFERNE
(torn)
He'll die should I leave.

Growling her outrage, Kassandra takes off by herself to pursue the Warlock.

REDFERNE
The hammer!

KASSANDRA
Wha'?

Redferne kicks the hammer toward her.

REDFERNE
Take it! Where you find his track, nail the earth, deeply.

KASSANDRA
A nail? A shitty little nail's gonna hurt this guy? Hey, gimme a shotgun. Then I'll --

REDFERNE
Take the blessed hammer! He can be crippled!

With no time to argue, Kassandra snatches up the hammer.

152 EXT. MOUND OF EARTH (OTHER SIDE OF HILL) - DAY 152

The Warlock falls awkwardly into a mound of shoveled earth. Rising, he takes a moment to rid himself of the troublesome thumblock.

153 EXT. TOP OF HILL - DAY 153

Hammer in her hand, pennies in her mouth, Kassandra appears at the crest of he hill. She scans the valley below.

154 WHAT SHE SEES: 154

A small railroad way station: Strings of idle boxcars, a few outbuildings, tracks leading into the distance. It's the only hiding place.

155 BACK TO KASSANDRA 155

Starting there.

156 EXT. RAILROAD WAY STATION - DAY 156

She peers through windows covertly. Then hearing voices, Kassandra tries to hide. Two RAILROAD EMPLOYEES turn a corner -- and spot her.

EMPLOYEE
Help you?

KASSANDRA
(through pennies)
Oh, no.

The employees shrug, move on.

157 EXT. BOXCARS - DAY 157

Kassandra shadows alongside weatherbeaten boxcars. She remembers to scan the ground for tracks.

CLOSE on damp ground. There are plenty of tracks here -- but all of them waffle-booted.

Kassandra creeps on.

CLOSE on another track. It's a footprint. A shoeless one.

(CONTINUED)

157 (CONTINUED) 157

Giving it a shot, Kassandra squats and poises a nail over the track. One swing buries the nail -- and brings a HELLACIOUS HOWL from somewhere ahead.

KASSANDRA
Fuckin' A-plus.

She finds another track, drives another nail.

158 INT. WOODEN BOXCAR - DAY 158

Hidden here, the Warlock screams and falls to his side, gripping his feet.

159 EXT. BOXCARS - DAY 159

Liking this more and more, Kassandra trots ahead to the next track, sinks another nail.

160 INT. WOODEN BOXCAR - DAY 160

Screaming again, the Warlock thrashes about the boxcar, ripping up floorboards with his hands.

161 EXT. BOXCARS - DAY 161

Kassandra bounds to the next track, tries another nail. This time there is no scream. Not understanding, she sinks a second nail. Nothing.

162 INT. WOODEN BOXCAR - DAY 162

The Warlock is on his back, holding a board across the soles of his feet, protecting them.

163 EXT. MOUND OF EARTH - DAY 163

Kassandra skulks ahead, having only a general sense of where he's hiding. She passes the mound of earth -- then doubles back.

CLOSE on the mound. We can make out where the Warlock slipped and fell. We can also see where, for a brief moment, his head grazed the ground.

(CONTINUED)

163 (CONTINUED) 163

Already beaming with satisfaction, Kassandra poises a nail over the headprint.

164 INT. WOODEN BOXCAR - DAY 164

An unseen nail pierces the Warlock's brain. With the worst scream yet, he drops the board to clutch his head. The Warlock tries to stand, but the pain is too great: He blacks out.

165 EXT. WOODEN BOXCAR - DAY 165

The Warlock's arm appears, flopping out an open cargo door. It lies there motionless -- but something silver twinkles at the wrist.

Kassandra rushes forward then stops, suspecting a trap. She cocks her hammer and continues ahead cautiously. But then a WHISTLE:

The train is pulling away.

Horrified, Kassandra breaks into a run.

Her charm bracelet slips out from under the Warlock's cuff. It twists and twirls in the growing wind, teasing Kassandra.

Finally she catches up. But just as she reaches for the bracelet...

...her feet stumble over uneven ground.

The bracelet sweeps away.

Regaining her balance, Kassandra tries again. Her sixty-year-old legs pump frantically...her swollen chest heaves up and down...she wheezes like an asthmatic... but she gains lost ground. With a desperate lunge, her hand catches the Warlock's wrist.

And his hand catches hers.

Back from unconsciousness, the Warlock rears his head and glares venomously.

(CONTINUED)

165 (CONTINUED) 165

Kassandra lashes out with the hammer, hitting his arm with the clawed end. She tears free as the Warlock recoils. Kassandra pinwheels away from the boxcar...

...spills down a grassy embankment...

...and rocks to a stop below. Battered and bruised, Kassandra half-rises and looks.

Moving too fast to ever catch, the train speeds east. The Warlock's face can be seen, looking back.

Moaning miserably, Kassandra flops back down. Then she sees it:

The hammer. It lies nearby -- with the charm bracelet snagged in its claw.

166 INT. MENNONITE'S ROOM - FARMHOUSE - DAY 166

CLOSE on a mobile of tinkling brass keys. PULL BACK DELICATELY to reveal the Mennonite lying beneath the keys, head bandaged thickly. Redferne stands bedside, adding a last key to the mobile. Done, he takes the Mennonite's hand and guides it to the keys.

REDFERNE
Feel? The keys should be spun once each hour, clockways. Meddle not with the dressing. By morn the blood shall stop.

The Mennonite nods painfully.

KASSANDRA (O.S.)
How's he doin'?

Redferne turns. Kassandra stands in the dusky hall.

REDFERNE
(guilt-filled)
I have no excuse....save to say that ...having seen so many die by the Warlock's hand, the chance to spare just one life with my own....

KASSANDRA
Forget it. I understand. 'Sides...

(CONTINUED)

166 (CONTINUED) 166

She steps out of shadow. She's twenty again.

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
...I got it back.

If we expect a display of emotion from Redferne, we're disappointed.

REDFERNE
Then let's tarry not.

He leaves the room. It's several seconds before Kassandra follows.

167 EXT. FIELD NEAR FARMHOUSE - DAY 167

Whip shouldered, Redferne strides quickly across field. He holds the weathervane. The point is coated with the Warlock's blood.

REDFERNE
We'll rebuild the compass. The goods are common -- brass, copper, glass. 'Tis this, his blood, that matters most.

Uncharacteristically quiet, Kassandra lags behind.

168 EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY 168

They reach the Corvair. She hands him the keys.

KASSANDRA
Here. You've watched me long enough. Gas on the right, brake on the left. That's more'n I knew when I started to drive.

REDFERNE
Drive? Me?

She digs out her Mastercard.

KASSANDRA
Take this. It's for gas. When they hand you the slip, just scribble a name, any name. They never check.

(CONTINUED)

168 (CONTINUED) 168

REDFERNE
You are not coming.

She leaves the Mastercard, backs toward the farmhouse.

KASSANDRA
You got my car, my money, my best wishes. Later days, Redferne.

He grabs her. She rips free and spins on him, eyes seething.

KASSANDRA
We had a deal, remember? Just until I got the bracelet back. That was it, man. That was it.

REDFERNE
You know what he's capable of. You've seen.

KASSANDRA
Why do you think I'm not goin'?

Again she tries to leave. Redferne grabs her hair, jerks her closer.

REDFERNE
What are you called?

KASSANDRA
Little late for introductions, ain't it?

REDFERNE
Your name.

KASSANDRA
"Kassandra." With a "K."

REDFERNE
Then hear me well, Kassandra with a "K." The Warlock holds two parts of the book. This much he confessed. Know you what happens should he gain all three?

KASSANDRA
I don't wanna know. I don't.

(CONTINUED)

168 (CONTINUED) (2) 168

REDFERNE
Hidden within that book is the name of God -- the lost name of God.

KASSANDRA
(derisively)
"The lost name of...."
(covering ears)
Huh-uh. Don't wanna hear this.

REDFERNE
'Tis the name invoked during Creation. Witches charge that should this name -- this true name of God -- be uttered back to front...

KASSANDRA
I'm not listening, I'm not --

REDFERNE (CONT'D)
(topping her)
...should the name be uttered in reverse, then...

KASSANDRA
Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah....

REDFERNE (CONT'D)
...then Creation will undo... 'twill reverse...'twill....

KASSANDRA
(uncovering ears)
"Uncreate"? That what you're tryin' to tell me? Whole world's just --

REDFERNE
All worlds, Kassandra. All.

A sobering beat.

KASSANDRA
Especially didn't want to hear that last part.
(throws off his hands)
You really believe this crud?

(CONTINUED)

168 (CONTINUED) (3) 168

REDFERNE
I believe the book holds the name. And witches believe the name, spoken in reverse, will unravel life itself.

KASSANDRA
Awwwwwwwwwwww, fuck.

She wanders away, comes to a head-shaking stop. With her back to him:

KASSANDRA
He scares the crap out of me. And he knows it.

REDFERNE
I'll not let him harm you.

KASSANDRA
There won't be any spells next time. No hexes. No potion. Next time, he'll just kill me. Saw it in his face. Next time, I'm just dead.

REDFERNE
(with bedrock)
I'll not let him harm you.

He offers the keys. Gazes locked, something passes between their eyes, something akin to partnership -- and perhaps something more. She takes the keys.

169 EXT. COLORADO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 169

Eastbound, the train speeds on.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

170 EXT. COLORADO HIGHWAY - DAY 170

Traffic is stalled outside Denver. But coming up fast on the inside shoulder is the Corvair. Judging from the speed at which it passes law-abiding cars, we know the Corvair to be on a mission from God.

171 INT. MOVING CORVAIR - DAY 171

Kassandra is the stunt driver. Redferne leans out the window to check the sun.

REDFERNE
We travel north.

KASSANDRA
Trust me on this, 'kay?

REDFERNE
But if, all along, the Warlock has borne east....

KASSANDRA
Look, we aren't gonna play tag with this guy. Not anymore.

She swerves, avoids a collision, speeds on. ANGRY HORNS.

REDFERNE
What would you have us do?

KASSANDRA
Kids in 1691 ever play a game where they jump over someone's back? To get ahead?

REDFERNE
"Leaping frog."

KASSANDRA
There you go. Instead of "tag," we play "leapfrog" -- we get to that church in Boston. They gotta have records, right? So forget about the Warlock -- we'll just find the last part of the book instead. Are you sparked?

REDFERNE
But who knows if the church still stands?

KASSANDRA
(a beat)
Hey, I didn't shoot <u>your</u> plans full of holes.

172 INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DENVER - DAY 172

Kassandra's finger scans the white-page listings of a phone book.

KASSANDRA
The West End Church? On Somerset Avenue?

REDFERNE
Nay, 'twould be Somerset Road.

She slaps the phone book closed. It reads "Boston Area."

KASSANDRA
Close enough.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DENVER - DAY

Leaving:

REDFERNE
Well, how long the ride to Boston?

KASSANDRA
Doesn't really matter. We aren't drivin'.

REDFERNE
Not driving?

KASSANDRA
Nope.

Redferne is confused. Kassandra dwells at the library entrance, holding the door open for an OLDER WOMAN.

OLDER WOMAN
Bless you, dearie.

Kassandra finds time to smile back.

173 EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS - DENVER - DAY 173

Railroad tracks border a wall of greenery. From somewhere near, an odd collection of ANIMAL NOISES can be heard. The VIEW RISES above the shrubbery to include the zoo beyond.

174 EXT. CHILDREN'S AREA - DAY 174

Sheep, goats, pigs, and the CHILDREN that pet them. Cute children. Mostly boys.

CLOSE on bare feet crossing the ground. TILT UP to reveal the Warlock. He scans the area, searching for something particular.

Children everywhere.

Not looking where he's running, a young MOPHEADED BOY bumps into the Warlock. The boy stares up at this strange man, intimidated. Seeing that no one is watching, the Warlock reaches for the boy's head...

...and ruffles his hair. In a moment the boy has dashed away. The Warlock moves on, continuing his search.

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSEUP of a sheep's eye. It doesn't blink.

MATCHING CLOSEUP of the Warlock's eye. It stares back.

Behind a feeding shed, the Warlock stands with a ram. The animal seems anesthetized by the Warlock's gaze. Now the Warlock takes the ram's horns, one in each hand. Fast enough to prevent any sound, the Warlock twists the horns and snaps the ram's neck.

CUT TO:

The carcass has been hauled into bushes. Nearby, the Warlock is on his haunches, his back to us. The VIEW PUSHES IN to steal a look over his shoulder: He holds a foreleg torn from the ram. An apparition swirls on the knobby, blood-slickened head of the shoulder bone.

CLOSE on apparition. It shows Kassandra and Redferne entering an airport terminal.

A DRONING distracts the Warlock. He looks up, spies a plane on its landing descent. The Warlock watches as the plane slips below VIEW...

...and enters the VIEW of the apparition. The plane lands behind the terminal building.

Pitching aside the bone, the Warlock starts off in the direction the plane has pointed out.

175 INT. TICKET COUNTER - AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY 175

TICKET AGENT
...comes to $596.36. Cash, check, or charge?

Kassandra hates to risk it but has no choice: She plunks down her one overworked Mastercard.

KASSANDRA
Charge. I think.

The TICKET AGENT lifts a phone for an authorization. Kassandra cringes.

CUT TO:

The ticket agent ready to scissor the Mastercard.

KASSANDRA
No, no, no, wait. It's a mistake. Gimme the card back. Really, it's all a silly misunderstanding.

TICKET AGENT
Not according to the man on the phone. He said they were ready to put pictures of your credit card on post office walls.

The scissors bite. The Mastercard clatters to the counter in halves.

TICKET AGENT
Sorry.

KASSANDRA
I bet.

A RICH BITCH behind Kassandra elbows her way to the counter.

RICH BITCH
(to agent)
Excuse me, think you could handle a paying customer? I'm a bit rushed.

The woman sets down her purse amid a profusion of other bags. Kassandra looks around slyly, making sure no one is looking.

176 INT. ELSEWHERE IN TERMINAL - DAY 176

Kassandra searches the stolen purse, finding a portable pharmacy inside.

KASSANDRA
Codeine, demerol, percocet....
No kiddin' this babe was rushed.
Ah, here we go.
(finds gold American Express)
Good as green.

Kassandra dumps the purse in a trash can, starts for the ticketing area. But Redferne, having spent a few minutes glued to the terminal window, snags her arm.

REDFERNE
These winged machines...the ones that thunder....

KASSANDRA
"Planes."

REDFERNE
But men travel inside them? Through the air?

KASSANDRA
Men like us. C'mon.

REDFERNE
This is something I cannot do.

KASSANDRA
The Warlock flies, doesn't he? Now we're gonna, too.

REDFERNE
Look you. In my day, those even endeavoring to fly are accused of witchery.

KASSANDRA
Look yourself. The book came from Boston. That means we gotta beam out there, find someone who knows what they're talking about, then --

(CONTINUED)

176 (CONTINUED) 176

REDFERNE
Aye, aye, aye, the logic is sound. 'Tis the manner of locomotion that troubles me.

KASSANDRA
You're just scared.

REDFERNE
My boots work best with ground beneath them. Directly beneath.

She grabs his hand, starts away.

KASSANDRA
C'mon, tough guy. I'll hold your --
(stops, turns)
Still got that knife? Gimme it. Anything metal.

REDFERNE
My bodkin?

KASSANDRA
Your knife. We'll check it with my tote bag. C'mon, c'mon. It's the only way.

With reservations, Redferne turns over his dagger. Kassandra packs it up. Remembering her insulin kit, she pulls it from the tote...

...and sticks it in her jacket pocket.

KASSANDRA
'Kay, how 'bout the whip?

REDFERNE
What of it?

KASSANDRA
They aren't gonna let you on the plane with that.

Grumbling, Redferne surrenders the whip. It's too big for the tote, so Kassandra wraps it around her waist three or four times. She checks her image in a window: It makes a damn chic belt.

(CONTINUED)

176 (CONTINUED) (2) 176

KASSANDRA
Stylin'. Okay, we got it all? No more war toys?

Redferne's eyes slide to the weathervane lying nearby. They both grab it at the same time. Kassandra tugs. Redferne hangs on with white knuckles, unwilling to forfeit his last weapon.

KASSANDRA
Awright, awright. We'll try it.

177 EXT. JET - STAPLETON AIRPORT - DAY 177

Amid other luggage, Kassandra's tote is conveyored into the belly of an open jet.

178 INT. JET - DAY 178

They board. Flight ATTENDANT #1 eyes the blood-caked weathervane Redferne has wrangled past security.

ATTENDANT #1
Can I take that for you?

REDFERNE
Over my rotting corpse, you can.

KASSANDRA
(explaining)
Family heirloom.

She pushes Redferne onward.

CUT TO:

Kassandra has an aisle seat. In the adjoining window seat, Redferne wipes his brow nervously. A pair of BABIES HARMONIZE behind them. Needing air, Redferne tries to open the window.

KASSANDRA
Hey, hey, hey. Like this.

She redirects his air-jet.

(CONTINUED)

178 (CONTINUED) 178

KASSANDRA
Now just settle back, huh? We can actually catch some sleep here.
(relishing the word)
Sleep....

Redferne makes an effort to calm himself -- but then a loading DOOR SLAMS SHUT right behind them. In a blink, Redferne is on his feet, weathervane poised to throw. Kassandra snatches the vane.

KASSANDRA
Gimme that.
(hauls him down)
I'm not kiddin' now. Keep this up, and you'll find yourself back in the screamin' baby section.

She seatbelts Redferne in place, buries the weathervane in an overhead compartment.

179 EXT. RUNWAY - STAPLETON AIRPORT - DAY 179

As the jet noses into the air.

180 INT. AIRBORNE JET - DAY 180

Seatbelts being unbuckled. Window shades being drawn against late-afternoon sun. Cigarettes being lit.

Flight ATTENDANT #2 distributes pillows and blankets. She pauses to offer them to Kassandra -- and spots Redferne with his head between his knees. If we could see his face, we'd see green.

ATTENDANT #2
Everything all right here?

KASSANDRA
First-timer.
(to Redferne, patting his back)
That was the worst part. Really.

181 EXT. AIRBORNE JET - SUNSET 181

As the sun sets beneath their eastbound jet.

182 INT. AIRBORNE JET - NIGHT 182

Cabin lights have been dimmed to accommodate a movie that plays silently.

Kassandra finally sleeps. Redferne tries to do likewise but finds it impossible. His gaze wanders.

Across the aisle, a passenger opens a ramekin of cream and dumps it in his coffee -- but the cream glops out thickly. The passenger holds the container to his nose, makes a face.

Redferne scowls.

Nearby, another passenger lights a cigarette. The flame burns pure blue.

Danger signals flood Redferne's brain. He tries to rise, can't, fights with his seatbelt. Kassandra's eyes open wearily.

KASSANDRA
Now what?

REDFERNE
There is a witch among us. Set me free.

KASSANDRA
(sighing)
Middle of a great dream. I was back in L.A., shopping at Aardvark's. Found the cutest little --

REDFERNE
Free me.

Scowling, Kassandra unbelts him. Redferne one-steps into the aisle.

REDFERNE
(nodding directions)
I'll search thither, you thither. And keep your wits about you.

He starts away. Kassandra catches a coattail.

KASSANDRA
Hey, hey. Take a minute and think this through, huh? We're, like,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

182 (CONTINUED) 182

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
thirty-nine million feet in the air. There's no way he could be here. None.

REDFERNE
Fine. Then return to your dreams.

KASSANDRA
I will.

REDFERNE
And blame me not when you wake to find your throat open and blood at your feet.

He slinks away. Kassandra's hand migrates to her throat. Then she's out of her seat like a shot.

CUT TO:

The lavatories. Redferne opens and closes doors rapidly. But one is locked. He steals a knife from a dinner plate, jimmies the lock. The door is thrown open...

...revealing a FAT WOMAN squeezed onto the pot. Just as she opens her mouth to squeal...

...Redferne whips the door shut, moves on.

CUT TO:

First-class section. Kassandra prowls, straightening an occasional pillow as she checks faces all the way to the front of the plane.

KASSANDRA
No way he's on the plane...no way he's on the plane....

About to double back, her eyes fix on the porthole of an emergency exit: Something just moved outside. It could have been a wisp of vapor -- but then again, it could have been something flying alongside.

KASSANDRA
No way he's <u>in</u> the plane....

Another flash of movement outside. Holding her breath, Kassandra closes in on the black porthole.

(CONTINUED)

182 (CONTINUED) (2) 182

A man's face appears.

Kassandra YELPS and leaps back...

...into the arms of a STEWARD.

STEWARD
Everything all right?

Kassandra looks from the steward to the porthole. It was his face she saw there. His reflection.

CUT TO:

Main cabin. Coming full-circle, Kassandra and Redferne meet at their seats.

KASSANDRA
Well?

REDFERNE
I cannot reason this. Witchery is afoot -- I draw breath and taste it.

KASSANDRA
So maybe there's another witch aboard. Could be, like, Glenda, Good Witch of the West.

REDFERNE
Good witch?

Kassandra drops into her seat and rearranges pillows.

KASSANDRA
Good night, Redferne.

But Redferne remains in the aisle, unwilling to abandon his instincts.

REDFERNE
(galled)
Good witch....

TILT DOWN to Redferne's boots, tapping nervously. Then, oddly, the VIEW CONTINUES DOWNWARD...

183 INT. CARGO HOLD OF AIRBORNE JET - NIGHT 183

...arriving here. Luggage containers, animal carriers. A soft light glows ahead. And at last we find him, the Warlock, his back to a bulkhead. A globe of ectoplasm radiates light and heat.

The Warlock is warming a pouch of green nylon over the globe. When the fat inside begins dripping out, he holds the pouch above his face and squeezes: The warmed flying potion drains into his mouth.

184 EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - BOSTON - NIGHT 184

As the jet touches down on a snow-cleared runway.

185 EXT. TERMINAL - LOGAN AIRPORT - NIGHT 185

The jet is docked at a terminal. A pair of scuzzed-out BAGGAGE HANDLERS move to the plane's belly. A cargo hatch is unlatched. As it opens...

...<u>something flies away like a bat out of hell</u>.

The men duck, SWEAR, spin, look.

Just a glimpse: The Warlock skims around a corner, vanishing as quickly as he appeared.

186 INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT 186

The taxi is a mobile shrine to the Celtics -- pennants, a signed photo of Larry Bird, framed play-off tickets, other gimcracks. The green-shirted CABBIE ponders the two passengers in the rearview mirror.

CABBIE
First time to Beantown?

KASSANDRA
Uh-huh.

CABBIE
Wanna see any of the sights on your way to this church?

KASSANDRA
Huh-uh.

(CONTINUED)

186 (CONTINUED) 186

CABBIE
Lemme guess. California?

KASSANDRA
How'd you know?

CABBIE
Don't take it as an insult -- but you just don't dress like run-of-the-mill Celtics fans.

KASSANDRA
(to Redferne)
Celtics?

REDFERNE
A clan of barbarous Europeans.

187 EXT. STREET - BOSTON COMMON - NIGHT 187

The taxi negotiates traffic and bad weather. In the background, we see public parkland.

188 INT. MOVING TAXI CAB - NIGHT 188

Redferne bobs and weaves as he consults all windows: He has a growing awareness of where they are.

REDFERNE
Bear to your left.

CABBIE
Huh?

REDFERNE
'Twas Boston Common we just now passed?

CABBIE
Yeah.

REDFERNE
And we travel north on Tremont Road?

CABBIE
Yeah, we're on Tremont.

(CONTINUED)

188 (CONTINUED) 188

REDFERNE
Then bear west. The church lies not far off.

CABBIE
Think I'll keep going this way, loop around onto Cambridge.

REDFERNE
Nay, turn here. Here.

CABBIE
(getting irked)
Look, pal. I know the town pretty good -- lived here since 1958. How 'bout you?

KASSANDRA
Don't answer that.

REDFERNE
Lest you favor throttlings to the ears and face, bear west here.

The cabbie matches glares with Redferne in the mirror. Then he swings left.

CABBIE
An' they wonder why we hate the Lakers.

189 EXT. STONE CHURCH - NIGHT 189

The church stands in the shadow of an all-glass building. It's a bit of antiquity that progress overlooked.

190 EXT. FRONT OF STONE CHURCH - NIGHT 190

The founder's plaque reads "EST. 1664." TILT DOWN to include a PASTOR locking the front doors. He's young, small, nervous. Turning to leave, he's startled by...

REDFERNE
Pray, might we speak? Inside?

PASTOR
Speak? Regarding....

(CONTINUED)

190 (CONTINUED) 190

KASSANDRA
It's important. It really is.

The pastor assesses them. A wind squall WHISTLES through spidery tree branches. The pastor pulls on his gloves.

PASTOR
Maybe you could come back tomorrow. In the morning. Any time after 8:30. Or call the church office for an appointment. That way --

REDFERNE
Regarding The Grand Grimoire.

It means something to the pastor. He unlocks the church doors.

PASTOR
Please. Come in.

He ushers them inside. Before following, the pastor peers O.S.

WHAT HE SEES:

The free-standing rectory house next door. From a window, the pastor's WIFE watches.

BACK TO PASTOR

Waving to her, letting her know he's all right.

191 *INT. STONE CHURCH - NIGHT* 191

Relighting the church:

PASTOR
When I came here, I made a point of organizing church records -- they'd been kept rather abysmally over the years. That was the first reference I saw to this "Grand Grimoire." I've asked around since. Some of the local clergy have heard of it -- but it's purpose or value seem to have slipped the church's collective memory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

191 (CONTINUED) 191

PASTOR (CONT'D)
(feeling foolish)
Some sort of witch's book, isn't it?

KASSANDRA
Can we see those records? Tonight?

PASTOR
Church papers wouldn't be for sale. At any price.
(noting her face)
You're document collectors. Isn't that it?

KASSANDRA
We aren't here to buy anything. We just have to find that book. Soon.

PASTOR
Well, it's not here, if that's what you're hoping. It was broken up long ago, divided into --

KASSANDRA
Three equal parts. We know. What we don't know is what happened to them. Do you have any idea? Any at all?

The pastor is about to answer when, all by themselves, the church doors open.

They look.

Dead leaves blow across the threshold.

The pastor shuts the doors. Redferne's eyes hold on the closed doors, uneased by that gust of wind.

PASTOR
Can I ask what your interest is in such a book?

Kassandra looks to Redferne, willing to let him explain.

(CONTINUED)

191 (CONTINUED) (2) 191

REDFERNE
(forthrightly)
Our interest lies in stopping those who would see all good falter. It lies in stopping the Powers of Misrule from coming of age. It lies in finding that damned book and thwarting a vile beast of a man who shall not rest until God Himself is thrown down and all of Creation becomes Satan's black, Hell-besmeared farting-hole.

The pastor blinks. Then he looks to Kassandra.

KASSANDRA
You asked.

192 INT. BASEMENT OF STONE CHURCH - NIGHT 192

The pastor sifts through folders of brittle papers.

PASTOR
Here.

He closes the rickety filing cabinet -- it's one of a dozen -- then steps beneath a bare bulb that helps illuminate the catacomb-like basement. Kassandra and Redferne draw near.

PASTOR
"Chronicled in the year of the Lord sixteen hundred ninety-and-two... township of Boston...some few remarks upon a book most dire, called by some 'The Book of Shadows," by others 'The Key of Solomon,' and named by others still 'The Grand Grimoire.'"

REDFERNE
Aye, that's it.

PASTOR (CONT'D)
(scanning)
"The need for exquisite caution... many-faced lieutenants of Lucifer...." Well, the language gets pretty thick. But I remember something about how the book was distributed.

(CONTINUED)

192 (CONTINUED) 192

KASSANDRA
(getting excited)
Yeah? Where?

PASTOR
(shuffles pages)
Somewhere. Yes, here. One part was placed "...within the slender hollow of a table used in the taking of communion...."

KASSANDRA
Chas's table.

PASTOR
Another part was "...given over to a vicar who had recently founded a ministry west of the Carolinas...."

KASSANDRA
Farmhouse. In the chest. Gotta be.

PASTOR
And the third part....

REDFERNE
Aye?

KASSANDRA
Yeah?

PASTOR
Well, if I'm reading it correctly... the third part might still be here in Boston.

KASSANDRA
(to Redferne)
Was this a plan, or what?
(to pastor)
Okay, where?

193 EXT. BOSTON STREET - NIGHT 193

KASSANDRA
(woefully)
A graveyard?

(CONTINUED)

193 (CONTINUED) 193

She tags along behind Redferne, who hastens across the street. Traffic is almost nonexistent at this hour.

REDFERNE
A burial site to the north. One I know.

KASSANDRA
What, we're gonna go dig up graves? Is that it? Oh, gawd. Someone check the time. Is it midnight?

REDFERNE
If luck looks upon us, there'll be no digging. For should the earth there be hallowed, then the pages lie safe. No witch can set foot on consecrated ground.

KASSANDRA
A graveyard. Who's idea was this?

They leave FRAME. Moments later, a moonshadow ripples over the ground, following.

194 EXT. BOSTON STREET CORNER - NIGHT 194

Reaching an intersection, Redferne pauses for bearings.

REDFERNE
So much has changed...yet at times I spy a familiar stretch of park... or turn of the road....
(heading off)
This way.

KASSANDRA
(pointing opposite)
How 'bout this way?

REDFERNE
(nodding)
This is north.

KASSANDRA
And this...

She indicates a sign that reads "Entrance MTA Redline."

(CONTINUED)

194 (CONTINUED)

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
...is a subway, if I'm not mistaken. It'll take us north. C'mon.

She pulls him down the entrance steps.

195 INT. SUBWAY ENTRANCE - NIGHT 195

The VIEW looks up the same steps. Presently naked feet appear, descending. The Warlock reaches the bottom and stops.

A subway train screams past the empty platform. He's lost them.

196 EXT. RECTORY HOUSE - NIGHT 196

Through the window, the pastor's wife can be seen in the kitchen, putting away dinner dishes. She's seven months pregnant.

197 INT. KITCHEN - RECTORY HOUSE - NIGHT 197

CLOSE on a knife clattering to the floor.

She bends over, picks it up. The exertion brings her hands to her stomach: She can feel a kicking within. She smiles -- until a soft CHATTERING SOUND turns her head.

198 INT. LIVING ROOM - RECTORY HOUSE - NIGHT 198

She enters, looks around. Her husband rereads church records in the dining room.

WIFE
Did you hear that?

PASTOR
Hear what?

WIFE
It was like...well, it was sort of a soft....

Louder now, the front door chatters again.

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED) 198

The pastor joins his wife. They stare open-mouthed at the door that begins thrashing violently: It's as if a hurricane were outside.

CLOSE on the doorknob hitting the floor.

CLOSE on the pins vibrating out of the hinges.

CLOSE on the door latch turning.

Abruptly the seizure stops. A hand opens the door -- from the hinged side.

WARLOCK
I'll say "good evening" -- even if it does seem unwarranted.

A crucifix has shaken off the wall. Respectfully, the Warlock hands it back to the pastor.

WARLOCK
The two who came to you earlier this night. What was told them?

The pastor can't find his voice.

WARLOCK
The man. Redferne.

PASTOR
Do you...are you...friends?

WARLOCK
Age-old acquaintances.

The pastor edges away from his wife, trying to draw the attention all to himself.

PASTOR
Well, we talked about...many things.

WARLOCK
Then talk to me of pages. Of pages and secret places.

PASTOR
Pages? I don't know what you're referring to.

(CONTINUED)

198 (CONTINUED) (2) 198

Now behind the Warlock, the wife tries to slip away. Wearily, the Warlock catches her arm, steers her to a chair.

WARLOCK
Sit you down.

She complies. The Warlock puts a hand on her stomach. When the pastor tries to intervene, the Warlock levels a finger at him:

A spear of ectoplasm juts from the finger. The point stops an inch from the pastor's forehead, keeping him at bay.

The Warlock turns back to the wife. She trembles as he explores her abdomen.

WARLOCK
I feel them.

WIFE
"Them"?
(telling us the Warlock was right)
How could you know?

WARLOCK
A boy child and a girl. Both shall be born well-favoured...
(in her ear)
...provided he tells me what I must hear.

Her fear turns to absolute dread.

WIFE
Tell him, Stuart.

WARLOCK
Tell me, Stuart. Lest your children be born slugs of cold flesh, tell me now.

199 EXT. RECTORY HOUSE - NIGHT 199

The Warlock exits. Just by the way he strides, we know he has the information he needs.

200 INT. LIVING ROOM - RECTORY HOUSE - NIGHT 200

Comforting his wife:

PASTOR
It'll be all right. We'll call the police, they'll find him. It's over. He's gone.

He holds her another moment, then moves to the phone. He dials.

WIFE
Stuart....

He turns back. Her hand is on her stomach.

WIFE
(breathless)
I can't feel them.

201 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 201

The VIEW TRACKS alongside a low stone wall topped with black wrought iron. Beyond is a vast snow-dusted graveyard. It's a grim but impressive collection of headstones, tombs, cenotaphs, obelisks. We find Kassandra at a fence plaque titled "The Burying Point, 1637."

KASSANDRA
(scanning information)
Doesn't say anything here about holy ground. How do we know?
(no answer)
Redferne?

He materializes behind her. She nearly jumps out of her skin.

REDFERNE
The gate. I've found it.

KASSANDRA
How do we know if it's holy ground?

Redferne swings up the weathervane, notes the blood on its point.

REDFERNE
We'll know.

202 EXT. GATE - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 202

The GATE MOANS open. A few steps inside the yard, Redferne drives the weathervane into the ground. At first nothing happens...

...then steam begins rising as the Warlock's blood reacts with the damp ground. Soon the whole vane is shaking and RINGING SOFTLY.

KASSANDRA
Is that good?

REDFERNE
(nodding)
The ground has been consecrated.

KASSANDRA
Well, hey. We can just shake this place. I mean, that's it, right? Pages are safe.

REDFERNE
Should they still be here.
(scanning yard)
The pastor. He spoke of a tomb carved with the image of a winged viper.

KASSANDRA
A winged snake.

After one last check over his shoulder, Redferne ventures ahead to begin searching. Kassandra follows. The VIEW HOLDS on background water: The graveyard is a small peninsula of land that juts into Boston's inner harbor.

203 EXT. THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 203

SELECTED CLOSEUPS of their hands clearing icy debris from tomb lids to expose time-worn carvings -- hourglasses, cherubim, skeletons, shovels, harvest scenes.

Redferne is scrutinizing a carving when...

KASSANDRA (O.S.)
(gasping)
It's him.

Redferne spins, knife drawn. His eyes dart around the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

203 (CONTINUED) 203

REDFERNE
Where? Point him out.

KASSANDRA
Right here.

Oddly, she's pointing to an cenotaph.

REDFERNE
"It's him," you said.

KASSANDRA
Benjamin Franklin. Can you even believe it? Did an oral report on this guy in the sixth grade. And now I'm standing right in front of him.

Redferne's face is a blank. Kassandra checks the date on the monument: "1706-1790."

KASSANDRA
Guess you had to be there.

REDFERNE
Let's dawdle no more.

204 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 204

A VIEW of the graveyard from the bay side: Water laps the FOREGROUND. Nearby, a bulldozer and backhoe are seen, and a stone wall has been torn down in spots -- construction is under way.

205 EXT. TOMB - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 205

CLOSE on Kassandra's hand sweeping away debris. The lid beneath has a faint winged carving.

KASSANDRA
Psst. Redferne. Found it.

He joins her. Unlike others, this tomb is accessible only from the front -- it has a small slate door. As Redferne ponders the door's rusty locks, Kassandra clears more ice from the lid.

(CONTINUED)

205 (CONTINUED) 205

REDFERNE
See here? And here? The locks are sound -- there's been no meddling in all this time.

KASSANDRA
Mean we're not gonna open it?

REDFERNE
(greatly relieved)
Nay. We'll leave it as we found it.

KASSANDRA
Good call. 'Cuz trust me, you don't wanna open this one unless you really, really gotta.

He doesn't understand. Kassandra taps the lid, telling him to look again. The name beneath the carving is "Giles Redferne."

206 EXT. THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 206

Like a zombie, Redferne wanders across the yard, wanting only to get away from this place.

KASSANDRA
I think "Giles" is a nice name.

No response.

KASSANDRA
What, you expected to live forever?

No response.

KASSANDRA
You're buried about a hundred yards from Benjamin Franklin. How many people can say that?

Redferne steps over the torn-down wall.

KASSANDRA
Hey, it's not like we had to open it. We didn't have to look at your putrified corpse, or anything.

(CONTINUED)

206 (CONTINUED) 206

Redferne zig-zags around a patchwork of recently dug graves. Kassandra, nearly falling in one, stops to look.

KASSANDRA
What's the deal here?

She tries to figure out why new graves would have old headstones. Now her eyes roam the yard, seeing...

...the heavy machinery...

...a tomb with steel cables attached to it...

...the torn-down wall...

...and the backside of a temporary sign. Already suspecting the worst, Kassandra rounds to the other side. The sign all but screams "Grave Relocation Project."

207 EXT. GATE - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 207

Redferne is about to exit. Kassandra runs him down, snatches the weathervane.

KASSANDRA
Get the fuck back here.

208 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 208

Straddling the wall, Kassandra stabs the weathervane into the ground on one side. As before, the vane steams.

KASSANDRA
They're movin' graves, Redferne -- sign says something about the tides, something about unstable ground. But they're movin' people from this side of the wall...to that side.

REDFERNE
And so?

KASSANDRA
So I had this pretty awful thought: What if that side of the wall wasn't part of the real graveyard?

(CONTINUED)

208 (CONTINUED) 208

A beat. Redferne snatches the weathervane and drives it into the ground on the other side. Nothing happens.

As one, they look back to Redferne's tomb.

It's on the wrong side.

Redferne moans.

209 EXT. TOMB - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 209

CLOSE on the weathervane striking the locks of the tomb, cracking them.

CLOSE on fingers scrabbling at the cracks of the slate door.

CLOSE on the door thudding to the ground.

210 INT. TOMB - NIGHT 210

The VIEW LOOKS out as their faces peer in. Hands reach inside. Something begins sliding away...

211 EXT. TOMB - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 211

...as they drag out a casket of rotted wood. They stare at it with both dread and anticipation. Finally:

KASSANDRA
(casually)
You know, I bet you aren't even in there. The pages, maybe. But not you.

REDFERNE
Are you daft? 'Tis my own casket.

KASSANDRA
Yeah, but you aren't dead. You're right here. Before you died, you came to the 20th century. Think of it that way.

REDFERNE
How could there be tomb and casket but I died?

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED) 211

KASSANDRA
(confused)
Guess we find out the hard way.

Drawing a breath, Redferne grabs the lid of his casket -- and pauses. He draws another breath. But again he stops himself.

KASSANDRA
Hey, I'll do it.

Redferne steps back gratefully.

KASSANDRA
Now don't look until I say it's okay to look, 'kay?

REDFERNE
(averting eyes)
Just be quick about it.

Kassandra lifts the lid. It decomposes as it opens, falling away in pieces. Strangely neutral, Kassandra stares at what lies within.

REDFERNE
Well?

KASSANDRA
Better not look.

REDFERNE
Is there a body? My own?

KASSANDRA
Better not look.

REDFERNE
I'll look now.

KASSANDRA
Naw, better not.

He looks.

REDFERNE
Blessings of heaven....

He stumble-steps back, appalled by the sight.

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED) (2) 211

KASSANDRA
Well, what'd I tell you? I said, "Better not look," and you looked. How dumb can you be?

REDFERNE
The pages. Take them. Hurry.

With the same face she'd use to pick up a dead rat, Kassandra reaches into the casket and grabs. A pair of black-boned hands rise with the pages, hanging on grimly. Kassandra tries to shake the pages loose. Arm bones rattle, but the hands won't let go.

KASSANDRA
Eeyuuuck.

One by one, Kassandra breaks off finger bones. Redferne dies with each BRITTLE SNAP.

REDFERNE
(through his teeth)
I said hurry, did I not?

KASSANDRA
(doctor to patient)
Almost done...just a couple more... doesn't hurt a bit....

SNAP, SNAP, SNAP. The fingerless hands drop away. Rising, Kassandra presents the pages to Redferne. They help soothe him.

REDFERNE
Now all that remains is to see the pages back to hallowed ground. With but two of the thirds, no witch can ever...can ever....

A SCRAPING SOUND turns their heads.

The weathervane, placed on a nearby tomb, is now moving by itself, not rolling but turning: The bloody vane is swinging around like the witch-compass of old.

Chilled, they look to where it points.

Only blackness.

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED) (3) 211

Their backs come together instinctively. Wordless confusion.

Now the point of the weathervane lifts from the tomb. The vane stands on end, dancing on air.

Their faces turn skyward.

He's swooping for them.

They fall aside. The Warlock blurs past, swiping for the pages but missing.

Redferne seizes the dancing weathervane, hurls it.

The Warlock banks.

The vane arrows into the night.

With a graceful backflip, the Warlock lands. Standing between them and hallowed ground, he peers into the open casket.

WARLOCK
Fascinating. A man can actually die twice, then.

Redferne has a dagger in one hand and the pages, behind his back, in the other.

The Warlock begins seeping with ectoplasm.

Redferne backpedals.

REDFERNE
Behind me.

Kassandra obeys. He thrusts the pages at her.

REDFERNE
Take half.

A bolt of ectoplasm swirls from the Warlock's hands.

REDFERNE
(shoving her away)
Go!

They streak away in opposite directions, each running parallel to the wall, each with pages.

(CONTINUED)

211 (CONTINUED) (4) 211

The Warlock is momentarily confused.

Like a halfback heading for the endzone, Redferne turns upfield and charges for hallowed ground.

Choosing, the Warlock flies after Kassandra.

212 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 212

Redferne hurdles the torn-down wall. He, anyway, has made it back.

213 EXT. THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 213

Kassandra starts her turn toward hallowed ground. But she hits the brakes.

...as the Warlock lands dead ahead of her. For a moment it's a staring match. Then he starts for her. Kassandra flings away a handful of pages.

They blow across the ground.

The Warlock scrambles to recover them.

Running again, Kassandra doubles back in the direction she came.

214 EXT. TOMB - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 214

Pages in hand, the Warlock lands. He scans the area, knowing she's somewhere near. Slowly he drifts over the ground. Then a SNATCH OF STOLEN BREATH turns him toward...

...Redferne's tomb.

215 INT. TOMB - NIGHT 215

WHAT KASSANDRA SEES:

Her POV looks out the tomb door. Legs appear. They walk to Redferne's casket. A hand plucks coffin nails from the decomposed wood. The legs move closer to VIEW. They bend. To our everlasting dread, the Warlock looks right at VIEW and beckons us with a finger.

216 EXT. THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 216

We see the vast graveyard beneath an ice-ringed moon. Nothing moves. Everything is eerily quiet until...

WARLOCK (O.S.)
Come out, Redferne.

The VIEW FINDS Redferne hunkered down behind a monument, clutching his pages.

WARLOCK (O.S.)
Come out and show yourself.

Redferne puts an eye to the edge of the monument.

217 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 217

The Warlock stands just beyond the wall. He has Kassandra upside-down, her ankle in his hand, her face under his foot.

WARLOCK
Show yourself, Redferne.

218 EXT. MONUMENT - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 218

Redferne doesn't budge.

219 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 219

Getting on with it, the Warlock tears off Kassandra's shoes. He poises a coffin nail on the sole of one foot.

WARLOCK
Virtuous idea, this.

He pushes.

220 EXT. MONUMENT - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 220

She SCREAMS GRUESOMELY. Redferne, too, feels the pain.

221 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 221

The Warlock readies another nail. Blood streams from *Kassandra's punctured foot.*

(CONTINUED)

221 (CONTINUED) 221

KASSANDRA
You fucker, you fucker, you fucker, you --

He pushes again.

222 EXT. MONUMENT - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 222

Another SCREAM tortures Redferne.

223 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 223

Kassandra kicks at the Warlock. He twists her back into position, poises a new nail. About to push...

REDFERNE (O.S.)
Stop.

Redferne has emerged. With the pages.

WARLOCK
What you hold for what I hold. A straight swap of goods.

REDFERNE
Your offer seems light. All will die should I give these up.

WARLOCK
What, the Uncreation? Only the daft believe such things. The pages, Redferne. Give them up.

KASSANDRA
Don't you dare. Don't you fuckin' --

The Warlock stands on her face, pushing her mouth into the ground.

WARLOCK
Believe this, Redferne. Her death shall make all others seem like pink-tea parties. And you -- you who stand there cowlike on hallowed earth -- you shall hear every whimper, every cry, every glorious gush I might possibly wring from her body, slow-dying.

(CONTINUED)

223 (CONTINUED) 223

The Warlock lifts Kassandra by the neck, thrusts her into the air like a spoil of war.

WARLOCK
See her. Her mouth, her lips, the breasts. So much like those of someone once you knew -- of someone both we "knew."

Redferne stares into Kassandra's woeful face. He finds it tragically familiar.

WARLOCK
What say you, Redferne? Does she live? Or does she join sweet Marian in the Hereafter?

A beat. Finally Then Redferne moves to the wall, lays the pages down.

REDFERNE
Take them.

Looking for a trick, the Warlock sees none. He tosses Kassandra away like garbage, moves closer. Now Redferne straddles the pages defiantly.

REDFERNE
But take them by hand.

WARLOCK
How's this?

REDFERNE
No spells, no flying, no magic. Take them if you're able.

WARLOCK
Now who makes the hollow offer? You've given up nothing.

Redferne pitches aside his dagger and thumblocks.

REDFERNE
Take the pages if you're able.

The Warlock begins producing ectoplasm.

REDFERNE
So you fear me.

(CONTINUED)

223 (CONTINUED) (2) 223

WARLOCK
'Tis I who others fear.

REDFERNE
Not you. The magic.

The ectoplasm dissipates. The Warlock steps right up to the wall that separates hallowed ground from unhallowed. He's close enough to kill Redferne any of several ways.

WARLOCK
Having waited so long for this...
(nodding agreement)
...aye, it could prove wonderfully good to linger on --

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM. Redferne nails the Warlock with a bunch of sucker-punches before the fight even starts. The Warlock howls and reels, nose already bleeding.

Redferne leaps over the wall. The fight spills across unhallowed ground. They kick and bite and gouge -- anything's fair but magic. Always Redferne keeps his back to the pages, protecting them.

Trying to get away, Kassandra gets tangled up in the whip still attached to her waist.

The Warlock lands a blow, sending Redferne spiraling back to the wall.

Redferne grabs a handful of hallowed earth...

...and dashes it in the eyes of the oncoming Warlock. As th Warlock tries to clear his vision, Redferne delivers an upper-cut that simply buries the Warlock's testicles.

A scream from the Warlock.

Redferne grabs him by the hair, throws him across the wall, fall atop him. The Warlock's face is forced down to hallowed ground. It burns where it touches. For the first time, we see in the Warlock's eyes...

REDFERNE
Fear? Tell me how it feels.

The Warlock's hand hooks Redferne's mouth. Ectoplasm pours forth, filling Redferne's mouth and throat, forcing it out his nose. Choking, Redferne falls away.

(CONTINUED)

223 (CONTINUED) (3) 223

WARLOCK
Feels as if our rules have changed.

The pages lie unprotected.

The Warlock reaches for them just as...

...Kassandra loops the whip around his neck and jerks it tight. The Warlock twirls free of the choke-hold, lifts Kassandra overhead, and heaves her all the way...

224 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 224

...into the bay.

225 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 225

Redferne is down on all fours, vomiting out ectoplasm. The Warlock steps over him...

...and claims the pages.

226 EXT. WATER'S EDGE - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 226

Kassandra crawls out of the bay. She curls up on the shore, shivering, sputtering. Then, oddly, the shivering stops: Kassandra fingers her tongue. She looks back at the bay. Mind clicking, she reaches into her coat pocket for something, praying it's still there.

CLOSE as she unpockets her insulin kit.

227 EXT. TORN-DOWN WALL - THE BURYING POINT - NIGHT 227

The Warlock rips open his shirt, airing the remainder of the grimoire.

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED) 227

WARLOCK

"I am He,
Of empty cribs and stillborn foal!
I am He,
Whose coming the stars hath foretold!
I am He,
With heart forged by blackest coal!
I am He!
Who maketh whole the glorious goal
of Satan's unborn soul!"

The pages of The Grand Grimoire -- all 666 of them -- rise fountainlike into the air...reshuffle...then slam back to the ground. The earth tremors in a death-shiver.

The pages lie stacked. The Warlock lays a quaking hand atop them.

WARLOCK

Now, unto me, reveal the name of God.

A wind rises.

White hot, a letter sears its way to the topmost page.

Redferne spits out the last of the ectoplasm.

Clouds, dark and brooding, cover the ringed moon.

More letters burn upward.

Doglike, the heavens begin GROWLING their outrage.

Redferne rises and makes one last charge...

...but the Warlock flattens him with a mere gesture, sending him crashing back into the open casket.

[illegible] toppled headstones.

[illegible] THUNDERCLAP.

The seventh and final letter surfaces on the grimoire. Now the jumbled letters begin shifting, arranging...

...and there, reflected tantalizingly in the Warlock's eyes, is the lost name of God.

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED) (2) 227

WARLOCK
(stabbing a finger at the heavens)
I know you.

More THUNDER, prehistorically loud. Knowing he has God by the balls:

WARLOCK
I know your name, and I know The Word which will undo all that you have wrought!
(orgasmically)
Yea, I know you!

Lying helpless amid his own broken bones:

REDFERNE
Nay, nay, nay, say it not....

The Warlock gathers breath and rears back his head. Just as he's poised to scream The Word to heaven and hell and all parts between...

...a hand slams into his throat, cutting short the voice.

Kassandra tumbles back.

Syringes dangle from the underside of the Warlock's jaw. He sweeps them away. He considers laughing at her pathetic attempt -- until he feels his tongue swelling in his mouth.

The Warlock grips his throat. Something dire is happening. His eyes widen as he knows what it is inside him.

KASSANDRA
Try salt water, fuckbrain.

[illegible] other changes, the Warlock peers at his hand [illegible] One bursts, showering him with blood. He tries [illegible] to shout the name of God -- but all that comes out is a blood-bubbling garble.

Kassandra stagger-hops to Redferne, falls.

Growling, the Warlock rises involuntarily into the air. High overhead, the Warlock's veins begin exploding like fireworks.

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED) (3) 227

Kassandra and Redferne shield themselves from red rain.

By all logic, life should have left the Warlock. But there he hangs -- furious, indignant, exploding -- his bursting lungs cracking through his ribs. For a moment his eyes meet Kassandra's -- and register disbelief.

Then the Warlock slams to hallowed ground, dead.

The wind stops. RINGING SILENCE. Every headstone within fifty yards has toppled.

Redferne rises. He pulls Kassandra to her one good foot. Helping each other, they start for the Warlock. Redferne picks up his dagger along the way. Just in case.

They watch as the body begins to burn. Giving us one last chill, the eyelids decompose to reveal...

...the Eyes of Satan. What's left of the Warlock's mouth moves puppetlike:

SATAN'S VOICE
One day, I shall have that which is mine....

Redferne crushes the Eyes beneath his boot. And then the Warlock is gone, consumed by holy ground.

A murmur of appreciative THUNDER lifts their faces skyward. Storm clouds disperse.

KASSANDRA
[illegible]
[illegible] there was someone else here. Someone like, well, you know, maybe [illegible] God.

REDFERNE
Would anything yet surprise you?

KASSANDRA
No. Nothing.

A smile softens Redferne's face.

REDFERNE
You are owed a debt greater than any will know -- save one. From me, then, a world of thanks, Kassandra... Kassandra with a "K"....

(CONTINUED)

227 (CONTINUED) (4) 227

He closes her eyes, kisses the lids.

REDFERNE
Had only our lives been not so out of joint...had we but...well, what I care to say...is....

When he doesn't finish, Kassandra opens her eyes.

KASSANDRA
Redferne?

A small white whirlwind veers across the snowy ground. It jumps up onto Redferne's tomb before vanishing.

Kassandra moves to the tomb. Beneath Redferne's name, carved in granite, an epitaph has appeared:

"I SHALL REMEMBER YOU ALWAYS,
'TIL TIME AND TIMES ARE DONE."

She's so touched that she begins to cry.

KASSANDRA
Awwwwwwww...

But her eyes clear upon seeing what lies nearby.

KASSANDRA (CONT'D)
....awwwwwwwwww, shoot.

It's the Grand Grimoire.

[redacted]

228 EXT. SAN PEDRO HARBOR - DAY 228

[redacted] cruiser leaves the breakwater.

229 [redacted] OCEAN - DAY 229

The boat heads for open water. A dozen well-dressed people sit beneath a rear-deck canopy. As the boat passes VIEW, we hear snatches of a eulogy:

MINISTER
Charles A. Dunlop, better know to family and friends as "Chas"...such a tragic end...so much to do yet robbed of the time in which to do it....

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED 229

The boat keeps going. The stern has been christened "The Submariner Society."

230 EXT. CABIN CRUISER - DAY 230

Power off, the boat drifts.

At the bow, a brown-haired woman enjoys the sun and salt air. A SCREAMING GULL disturbs her reverie. She turns to keep an eye on the ceremony behind her. The woman is Kassandra.

Under the canopy, the MINISTER sprinkles ash overboard. Other people cast flowers onto the water.

Conducting her own ceremony, Kassandra opens a tote bag. She removes a bundle of something, pitches it overboard, watches to make sure nothing resurfaces. Burden lifted, Kassandra turns to join the others.

FADE OUT

THE END